

DECEMBER 17, 1881

THE GRAPHIC

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 629.—Vol. XXIV.

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THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 629.—VOL. XXIV.
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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1881

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THE GREAT FIRE AT VIENNA—THE FAÇADE OF THE RING THEATRE

Topics of the Week

"NO RENT."—There were many moderate Liberals who, during the last Session of Parliament, assented to the Land Bill, because, though ordinarily opposed to any interference with the doctrines of free contract, they felt that the exceptional condition of Ireland required exceptional remedies. But these men expected that the Act would be carried out carefully and considerately, and by persons possessed of special qualifications for judging each case fairly. Instead of this, the Sub-Commissioners have cut down rents indiscriminately. This is not to be wondered at when we see the kind of men of whom these Sub-Commissions are composed. They are mostly farmers, who either naturally sympathise with the tenants, or would be afraid to go against them, while on each Commission there is a barrister, "who, with scarcely an exception," says Mr. Plunket, "has such little standing in his profession that his appointment to any other judicial office would be treated with derision." Nevertheless, these wholesale and in many cases iniquitous reductions have not succeeded in pacifying the tenant-farmers. They have got so much, that they see a fair chance of getting a great deal more. Hence the cry of "No Rent" has been raised, and is vigorously encouraged by the Land League, which, though officially defunct, still stalks abroad in spirit as strong as ever. It would be a libel on Irish farmers to say that they have all become suddenly and voluntarily demoralised in this matter of rent-payment. Till the unfortunate agitations of the last two years arose, the Irish tenant-farmer was a punctual discharger of his obligations,—on the whole, more punctual than the English farmer. But every man's virtue will begin to fail when secret associations forbid him, under pain of death and mutilation, to do something which at the best is rather a painful process. No man is eager to pay money away, and when a pistol is held to his head to prevent him doing so, he is not unlikely to accept the threat as an excellent argument for keeping his purse closed. It is very doubtful whether the Property Defence Association, which it is now sought to place on a more extensive footing, will mend matters in this respect; we incline to think with Mr. Hubbard that it is assuming functions which belong to Government, and it tends to set the landowning classes of both islands (who are likely to be the chief subscribers to the fund) in direct antagonism with the Irish peasantry.

FRANCE AND TUNIS.—The debate in the French Senate on the troubles in Tunis did not throw much fresh light on the situation, but it was remarkable for the statesmanlike tone of the speakers who took part in it. The members of the Right have good reason to dislike M. Gambetta, who has thwarted all their projects; and the Duc de Broglie in particular might almost have been expected to do what he could to embarrass his great opponent. Nothing, however, was said either by the Duc de Broglie or anybody else that passed beyond the limits of fair criticism, and M. Gambetta was careful to set forth the principles of his policy in calm and moderate terms. This is a welcome sign that in France political leaders still recognise the tradition that external difficulties ought not to be made a subject of unnecessary party strife. The complications in Tunis are certainly serious enough to cause anxiety to every patriotic Frenchman. That France can thoroughly conquer the country if she chooses, everybody knows; but it is now evident that the task is incomparably more difficult than anybody supposed when it was undertaken; and most Frenchmen are of opinion that the end would not be worth the sacrifices which have been already made to attain it. Yet the troops cannot possibly be withdrawn until at least some approach has been made to the restoration of order. In the mean time, the expedition has injured France not only by alienating the Italians, but by diminishing her influence in Europe. At the time of the Berlin Congress it was universally admitted that France had done much to regain the position which she had lost in the war with Germany; but at present she commands neither respect nor confidence. Fortunately, the lesson taught by this series of events is tolerably plain, and is not likely to be forgotten by the upholders of the Republic.

IN THE FINSBURY PARK TUNNEL.—Though far less terrible in its death-roll, the North London Railway accident makes a more vivid impression on Londoners than the Vienna holocaust. Tens of thousands of us day by day go in and out of town by rail, and most of us are journeying just at the time when that disastrous series of collisions took place. There are, in fact, about two hours in the morning and two hours in the evening when the resources of our metropolitan lines are strained to the uttermost. Train follows upon train with a rapidity which would have seemed impossible to the early pioneers of the locomotive. Let us glance for a moment into the signalman's box. Here are the men whose business it is to regulate the traffic. They do not see the trains; they do not see their fellow-workers; the communications are all made by ingenious and delicate mechanical apparatus. The power these men wield is tremendous; the deflection of a needle may bring, as it did last Saturday,

death and destruction. And who can wonder that, with such anxious and absorbing duties, the signalmen sometimes make mistakes? These mistakes, indeed, probably occur oftener than the public imagine, but they are not heard of because fortunately in most cases no accident follows. In this affair, therefore, do not let us fancy we have finished the business because, perchance, we make a scapegoat of some unlucky overburdened signalman; the mischief lies far deeper. The metropolitan lines are quite insufficient for the existing traffic, especially on the north side of London. The railway system of the metropolis should be treated as a whole, and made the subject of a Government inquiry. In the cases where it was found that existing lines ought to be widened, or new lines constructed, a contribution in aid of the same should be made from the public purse. We cannot expect private enterprise to undertake works which, although the public safety may urgently need them, may yet be hazardous speculations from a financial point of view.

AMERICAN DIPLOMACY.—It is not surprising that Mr. Blaine has lost much of his popularity in consequence of the extraordinary diplomatic blunders which have been committed in connection with Chili and Peru. Mr. Hurlbut, the American Representative in Peru, warned the Chilean Commander at Lima that the annexation of Peruvian territory would be in opposition to "principles of public right." On the other hand, the Chileans were reassured by Mr. Kilpatrick, the American Representative in Chili, who repudiated Mr. Hurlbut's statements, both as to international law and as to the intentions of the United States. Whatever may be said of the proceedings of Mr. Kilpatrick (now deceased), there can be no doubt about the imprudence of his colleague; and Mr. Blaine is justly censured for having appointed so incompetent an officer, and for not having recalled him as soon as his mistakes were known. The instructions given by Mr. Blaine to Mr. Hurlbut and Mr. Kilpatrick six months ago have also been made the subject of much unfavourable comment. He was, no doubt, sincerely anxious to secure a fair settlement of the difficulties in South America; but he adopted a dictatorial tone which could not but give offence to the Chileans. Besides, his interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine had at least the appearance of extravagance. He seemed to imply that the United States would not permit the intervention of a European Power under any conceivable circumstances. This is a claim which could not, of course, be admitted on this side of the Atlantic. We may be sure that no European Government wishes to intervene unnecessarily in the affairs of the South American States; but if the interests of France, for instance, were directly affected by the action of Peru or Chili, it would be unreasonable to pretend that France could bring pressure to bear on these countries only through the Washington Cabinet. The American people have too much good sense to be misled by so wild a doctrine.

THE VIENNA DISASTER.—With the exception of the burning of the Santiago Cathedral in 1863, when two thousand persons lost their lives, scarcely any calamity of this type in modern annals exceeds in horror the destruction of the Ring Theatre. For some days—if not weeks—to come, until the impression is rendered faint by the lapse of time, playgoers all over the world will carry in their minds the ghastly image of this tragedy, and will feel some qualms lest the same fate should befall themselves. The wonder is, when we consider the inflammable stuff with which a theatre, at least on the professional side of the curtain, is filled; the close juxtaposition of lights, dresses, and scenery; the frequent representation of mimic conflagrations; and the almost universal inadequacy of the exit arrangements, that such a horror as that of the Ring Theatre does not happen far more often. One of the lessons to be learnt from this disaster is that carelessness and stupidity will frustrate the most excellent theoretical arrangements. There was an iron curtain, but no one was present to lower it; the gas, that ought to have been left on, was turned off; there were supplementary oil lamps, but they were unlighted; there were exit doors fast locked up; and the police seem to have blundered egregiously. Another and far more difficult lesson to be learnt is the necessity of self-control. We should always keep ourselves braced up for an emergency. Had every grown person in that Vienna audience been imbued with the self-denying spirit of military discipline, in place of the cowardly instinct of self-preservation, it is quite possible that not a single life would have been sacrificed.

MERV.—A more remarkable story has not been told for many a day than that of the *Daily News* correspondent who penetrated to Merv, and has recently found his way back to Constantinople. The present age is often called dull and prosaic, yet here are all the elements of a romance which could not have been surpassed in the ages of chivalry themselves. He has not only the courage and resource necessary for such adventures, but describes what he sees with a force and vividness that will probably give to his future book high rank in the literature of travel. Everybody must have been struck by the speech which, as one of the Triumvirate, he addressed to the assembled chiefs of Merv; and the manner in which it was received shows clearly enough the character of some of Russia's difficulties in Central Asia. He warned them that the fate of Khiva

awaited Merv "unless there was an entire and immediate cessation of attacks against their neighbours." "Here I was interrupted," he says, "by a member of the assembly, who had heard my proposition with angry astonishment, and who asked how in the name of Allah they were going to live if raids were not made on one side or the other." Russia may have all the evil intentions that are attributed to her; but a frank outburst of this kind proves that, even if she had no wish to push towards India, she might be compelled to make war occasionally on wild border tribes. The correspondent tried to show that the people would profit more by a small and legitimate impost on goods *in transitu* than by marauding expeditions; and his principles were "agreed to." The good resolutions of Merv are, however, too likely to be forgotten when the impression produced by the fall of Geok Tepé begins to fade away.

MUSICAL EDUCATION.—The Dukes of Edinburgh and Albany, both of them men who knew practically that which they were talking of, made an eloquent appeal at Manchester on behalf of training institutions which shall render England a more musical nation than it now is. At present, though great improvement has been effected during the last thirty years, we can scarcely call ourselves a musical nation. There is an immense deal of music performed, but many of those who go to listen to it go rather because it is the fashion than from genuine love of the art. Then as performers we are still weaker than as listeners. There are many brilliant exceptions, and they are daily increasing, but still we are greatly dependent on foreigners as our most efficient interpreters. More than any other country in the world, England is studded with big towns, and yet very few of these big towns can scrape together a respectable orchestra. At the Musical Festivals most of the performers come from London, just as the turbot does at a country gentleman's dinner-table. Then, although the practice of part-singing has greatly increased, it has not penetrated very far into the masses. If, in Germany or Italy, a party of merry-hearted souls are going home at night, they sing in harmony, so that it is quite a pleasure to listen to them. Whereas the same kind of people here bawl out some music-hall ditty, or very often a separate ditty to each individual. This was not the case formerly. As the Duke of Connaught reminded us, in the sixteenth century a man was regarded with wonder and scorn who could not sing in a difficult madrigal or canon when set before him. There is no insurmountable obstacle against Englishmen becoming equally musical again. But they must first be taught; and the Duke of Edinburgh scored an especially strong point when he showed the costliness, as regards time, room, and teaching-power, of a thorough musical education; and, therefore, the necessity for developing the abundant talent which is latent all over the country by the means of training colleges.

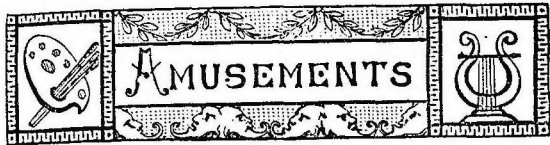
COMPETITION IN SCHOOLS.—Dr. Richardson made some sensible remarks the other evening, in opening the Health Congress at Brighton, on the evils attending the system of excessive competition that now prevails in schools. Many a warning has been addressed to the public on this subject, but so far without result. Even young children are constantly preparing for some "exam." or other, and boys and girls who are thought to be clever have to go through an amount of work that would have seemed fabulous to a previous generation. One does not need to be an expert in medical science to see the dangers arising from all this restless activity. The nervous system is inevitably overstrained; and we have not even the consolation of knowing that if the body receives less than justice the mind is well trained. It ought to be a commonplace in education that hurry and pressure are incompatible with true mental development. Multitudes of youths, having competed successfully for some prize or appointment, feel that they have had enough of books and book-learning, and turn in disgust from pursuits with which they have so many unpleasant associations. Examinations are of course necessary; but we have gone far beyond the bounds within which they serve as useful tests of intellectual progress. It is significant that the only countries which have adopted the system with the same unquestioning faith as ourselves are Austria and China. Now that Lord Spencer and Mr. Mundella have begun to make a vigorous effort to elevate the character of our national education, they might with advantage turn their attention in this direction. It ought not to be difficult to discourage the "forcing" method, at least in public elementary schools.

A CURE FOR BURGLARIES.—In answer to charges of inefficiency, the police say they have caught 220 burglars since the year began. It is to be feared, however, that many malefactors are still left at large, as this species of crime has of late been especially rife. Can anything be done to lessen the number of burglaries? There will always be daring men ready to embark in this species of criminal enterprise, so long as it yields a reasonable percentage of prizes. This percentage might easily be diminished. No one, in these days of numerous banks, need keep any serious amount of cash at home. And though every one admits that silver plate is nicer to use than electro-plate, the difference between the two is scarcely worth the anxiety which the former causes. It is only very rich people who are troubled with much jewellery; such fortunate folks should trust no servants, keep their

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treasures under their own lock and key, and perhaps bilk some confiding robber by having a duplicate set of jewels in paste. Small people, who have only a few rings and brooches, should keep them in their bedrooms, lock the door, and, if especially timid, use a door-fastener as well. If people would in these matters take our advice, burglary would soon cease to be a profitable game. Eliminate "your jewels, cash, and plate," to quote from the old song of "The Wolf," and few men would run the risk of being shot and maimed, or sent to ruralise at Portland, for the sake of laying felonious hands on the residue of your portable property.

BALLOONING PERILS.—It is much to be feared that Mr. Powell will never be heard of again alive. One regrets his loss all the more because of his pluck and resource, and because he was inspired by no mere spirit of foolhardy adventure, but by scientific enthusiasm. Many aeronauts, like the late Mr. Green, Mr. Coxwell, and others, have gone up and come down time after time without injury; yet there can be little doubt that the balloon, in its present form, is a very unmanageable monster, useful for meteorological or military investigations, but quite unfit as a vehicle for navigating the air. Indeed, it is generally admitted by aerostatic experts that the successful flying machine of the future must be sought in some other direction than the balloon. Individual flying seems all the more difficult of attainment because the weight of a man's body is relatively so much greater than that of a bird, that he would need an enormous pair of wings far beyond the power of his own muscles to work. Possibly this difficulty might be overcome on a collective scale; and a machine constructed whose car and flappers respectively should correspond to the body and wings, say, of a condor of the Andes. The subject is always fascinating, and the wonderful discoveries of the last hundred years lead us to anticipate the possibility that human beings may yet emulate the birds.



SANGER'S WORLD-RENOVED AMPHITHEATRE, late **ASTLEY'S**, Westminster Bridge Road, re-opening on BOXING DAY, will rank amongst the most glorious achievements of the proprietors. The Great Circus Company, the Menagerie and the Grand Spectacular Display in the forthcoming Holidays is **BLUEBEARD**, which will embrace the whole of the English and Continental Talent of Messrs. J. and G. Sanger. The Spectacular Display in the Marriage Scene will by far eclipse any productions previously submitted to the public, and the proprietors can assert, and with an assurance that cannot be contradicted, when they announce their magnificent PANTOMIME (1881-2) to be for elegance of the costumes, the magnificence of the scenery, the novel design of the properties, and the completeness of the whole effort, to far surpass all former efforts. Some idea may be formed upon the Company and Auxiliaries, numbering 80 people, 50 magnificent Horses, 50 of the Smallest and Handsomest Ponies to be found in any establishment, 100 of the Lilliputian Army, 100 Circassian Ladies, in the extravagant and Oriental costume, 50 Staff-Bearers in attendance on Bluebeard, Selim and his 250 followers, in gold and silver armour, 100 Ladies-in-Waiting upon Fatima. Costumes composed solely of jewels, producing a dazzling effect perfectly bewildering; 12 Camels and 100 Horses of the Hanoverian Creams so arranged as to resemble unicorns and the Pure White Horses of the Sun. The Marriage Procession of Bluebeard, in which will appear 20 Elephants, Zebras from Brazil, Bluebeard, Fatima, Addennia, Rollmea, Mesanina, Aldinetta, Mollonetta, Quearea, Quasmeria, all seated in magnificent array upon the back of the Monster Elephant, "Ajax." The above-mentioned outline will upon the back of the actual display. There is nothing like it under the sun, be found to fall short of the actual display. After an experience of the proprietors having exhausted the whole of their ideas, and after an experience of the Marriage of Bluebeard, being a spectacle that affords more room for magnificence than almost any other subject, will be found as above stated to stand alone in all its wealth of wonderful attractions. **TWO PERFORMANCES DAILY**, Two and Seven o'clock.—Proprietors and Managers, J. and G. SANGER.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT. Managers, Messrs. Alfred Reed and Corney Grain.—St. George's Hall, Langham Place. Closed from the 10th to 25th December. Reopen Boxing-Day at 3 and 8 with **AGES AGO**, by W. S. Gilbert and Frederic Clay. **MASTER TOMMY'S THEATRICALS**, a New Musical Sketch, by Mr. Corney Grain. Concluding with **OUR DOLL'S HOUSE**, revised by W. Yardley, Music by Cotford Dick. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday at Eight. Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at Three. Admission, 1s., 2s. Stalls, 3s. and 5s.

SMOKE ABATEMENT EXHIBITION, South Kensington, on Saturday, December 17th. Lecture by THOS. FLETCHER, F.C.S., of Warrington, at 4 o'clock, on "Economy of Fuel for Domestic Purposes," with special reference to the improvement of old fireplaces at a small cost without rebuilding. At the conclusion Mr. Fletcher will give a practical demonstration of the most modern methods of the rapid production of high temperature on a small scale, with gas or petroleum, in steel-melting; and will exhibit for the first time a new and simple automatic blowpipe with self-adjusting gas and air supply; also a double concentric automatic blowpipe, changing from large to small blowpipe, and adjusting both gas and air supply to each with a single movement.

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS.—The **SIXTEENTH WINTER EXHIBITION** is NOW OPEN from 10 to 6. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d. Gallery, 53, Pall Mall, S.W. H. F. PHILLIPS, Secretary.

DORIS GREAT WORKS, "ECCE HOMO" ("Full of Divine dignity,"—The Times) and "THE ASCENSION," with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," and all his other great pictures at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily 10 to 6. One Shilling.

SAVOY GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS, 115, STRAND. NOW ON VIEW. **RORKE'S DRIFT**, by A. DE NEUVILLE, An exceedingly fine Etching. Just Published. Also **BIONDINA**, by SIR F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A. ENGRAVED BY S. COUSINS, R.A.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS. LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY. ALL EXPRESS AND ORDINARY RETURN TICKETS issued on December 23rd, 24th, and 25th, will be available for the Return Journey by any Train of the same description and class up to and including Thursday, December 29th, except those issued for a less distance than 10 miles. The Special Cheap Saturday to Monday Tickets issued on December 24th will be available up to and including Tuesday, December 27th.

PORTSMOUTH AND THE ISLE OF WIGHT.—EXTRA TRAINS, December 23rd and 24th.—The Fast Train leaving Victoria 4.55 p.m., and London Bridge 5.0 p.m., will take passengers for Ryde, Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor, and on 24th only to Cowes and Newport (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class) from Portsmouth Harbour 7.0 a.m. and 8.25 a.m. to London. Boats in connection from Ryde 6.30 a.m. and 7.30 a.m.

BRIGHTON.—EVERY SUNDAY, INCLUDING CHRISTMAS DAY.—A Cheap Train from Victoria 10.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction; also from London Bridge 10.35 a.m., calling at Croydon. Returning from Brighton 8.20 p.m. Day Return Tickets from any of these Stations, 1st Class, 10s., or from Victoria only, including Pullman Car, 13s. A Cheap Pullman Car, Limited Express.—From Victoria 12.30 p.m.; Returning from Brighton 9.30 p.m. Day Return Tickets, 15s.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—FREQUENT TRAINS DIRECT from London Bridge, New Cross, Victoria, York Road, Kensington, West Brompton, Chelsea, Liverpool Street, Whitechapel, Wapping, Rotherhithe, &c., as required by the Traffic. **REDUCED FARES.**—For Boxing Day (Bank Holiday), the fares from London Bridge, Victoria, and other London and Suburban Stations of the Brighton Company, will be the same Railway and Admission Fares to the Crystal Palace as on an Ordinary One Shilling Day.

TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West End General Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; and at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations. (By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS. On Boxing Day, MONDAY, DECEMBER 26TH, the **MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS** will commence their SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL SERIES of DAY AND NIGHT PERFORMANCES in the **ST. JAMES'S GRAND HALL**, Regent Street and Piccadilly, when the Company will be greatly augmented in every department, many new and important engagements having been entered into. **THE ALREADY EFFICIENT CHOIR OF JUVENILE VOICES** Will be greatly increased. **AN ENTIRELY NEW AND SPLENDID REPERTOIRE OF SONGS.** Written and composed expressly for the festival performances by Mallandaine, Hobson, Henry S. Leigh, Fredk. Wood, Geoffrey Thorne, and other eminent authors and composers. The Ticket Office will be open at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall, on and after to-morrow (Monday), where places for any day or night up to the end of January may be booked without extra charge.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY. Last week of performance prior to the Christmas Holidays. **MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS,** Every night this week at 8. Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday afternoon at three also. First Grand Juvenile Day Performance, Christmas Eve, Saturday next, at 3.



THE RING THEATRE, VIENNA

THE Ring Theatre, Vienna, the burning of which with such terrible loss of life is described in the "Foreign News," is a comparatively new building, and one which it was said was fitted with the latest improvements, and provided with especial appliances in the event of fire. It was built in 1873, and was at first intended for a comic opera house, but has never prospered under any management. Various star companies, however, have performed in it with success, amongst which may be mentioned those of Adelina Patti, Signor Salvini, Signor Rossi, the Meinungen Company, and only a few weeks since Mdle. Sara Bernhardt. It was lately under the management of Herr Jauner, formerly lessee of the Grand Opera House, and was most luxuriously fitted up, being reckoned—the Grand Opera excepted—the most comfortable theatre in Vienna. The house was fairly large, being calculated to contain 1,800 persons, and was fitted with an iron curtain, so that in the event of fire all communication might be cut between the auditorium and the stage. Above the auditorium also there was a large tank filled with water, which could be poured upon the house at a moment's notice, while oil lamps were placed about the house, so that if the gas were accidentally extinguished the audience would not be plunged into total darkness. Unfortunately these lamps were not lighted on the night of the accident (Thursday week). On the previous evening Offenbach's last opera had been produced with considerable success, and consequently the house was full in the non-reserved places when the fire broke out. As this happened before the performance began, the reserved places were not so completely occupied, had they been so the loss of life might have been even greater than at present.

IN THE GREAT NORTH-WEST WITH THE MARQUIS OF LORNE—XIII.

LORD LORNE's visit to the Penitentiary near Winnipeg was made on August 7th. The place is built on what is called Stony Mountain, a limestone quarry, twelve miles from Winnipeg. It is under the direction of a warden, Mr. Bedson, who, as well as winning fame for himself for the very perfect way in which he discharges his duties, is a talented amateur naturalist. Besides a number of stuffed Canadian birds which ornament his house, he has a herd of buffalo which, mixed with tame cattle, roam about the plains. They were driven up for Lord Lorne to see, and an attempt made to lasso one. In the chase the brute galloped close past his Excellency, who, retreating a few steps, found himself almost within the clutches of two bears, two more of Mr. Bedson's pets.

One very interesting inmate of the Penitentiary was a young moose—quite a baby, and a very delicate one I'm afraid.

Another was a poor daft fellow, who, in emerald green jacket and smoking-cap, rode a brood mare about and blew a bugle. He signed his name, "Joseph Sabesta," at the bottom of my sketch. Specimens of the human and brute creation were in fact so mixed here that one began to doubt whether Mr. Bedson had not "quasi Cereris ictu" changed his prisoners into animals of congenial natures. For instance, the Indians had become buffaloes; the cattle-stealers bears, and petty larceny convicts fisher-eagles, hawks, and pelicans.

On the triumphal arch built of boughs that must have come from a distance was the inscription "Kittinummikin Nita," which means "Good luck to you, my brother-in-law," a relationship which the Indians, being all children of the one great White Mother, may reasonably claim.

We know how on a sea voyage the smallest object that dots the broad expanse of sea and sky quickly becomes an interesting one. So it was with us on that prairie sea.

Buffalo skulls were welcomed as playthings. Even *The Times* got frisky with them, and one afternoon the whole camp was set in an uproar by the furious barking of the dogs, as Mr. Austin, holding a monster skull in front of his head, advanced upon them with gruesome tread. They took him for some ghost of a bull, and baited him as much as they dared.

I believe the doctor's life would have been perfectly happy if it had not been for the mosquitoes. He was peculiarly susceptible to their bites, and armed himself against them in leggings worn under the trousers, gauntlets, gloves, and a veil, with a piece of talc let into it (invented by Maddams) over his helmet. Thus would he sit and read in the door of his tent (not in the plains of Mamre) but Manitoba.

I shall never forget the grip of the hand (a wounded hand) that brute of a buffalo-dancer gave me at Fort Qu'Appelle, but I was obliged to be polite. Just as I was when at Black Foot Crossing, a gentleman in feathers and blanket, eating a raw carrot, pulled his pony up suddenly and said, "Hullo Jack," and shook my hand like a fiend. But I was obliged to smile.

Thoroughbreds are always the pluckiest, they say; but who would ever have thought that the Hon. W. Bagot could have brought himself to rough it so far as to go about the prairie with a sack, when we had no wood, and pick up that fuel which the kind buffaloes had left us, as valuable now as manna and quails were to the Israelites.

One day at Calgary as Colonel de Winton and Dr. Macgregor were taking a ride in a buck board they met a badger, and owing badgers a grudge for all the joltings their holes had given them, the Colonel killed him, and the Doctor had him stuffed—most inefficiently (not by Ward of Piccadilly) as all his neighbours testified, but still the Doctor clung to that badger—till its hair came off.

In that big view where, at Black Foot Crossing, we first discovered the Rocky Mountains in the distance, there was an object in the fore-

ground—in the extreme angle of a "bench" made up of an old coat, a buffalo skull, a willow wand or two, with a bunch of prairie sage tied to the end. That was an Indian "medicine"—a charm of some sort to avert evil from a grave that had been dug a few yards from it. Dr. Colin Sewell, of Quebec, who had studied "medicine" in London and Edinburgh, examined this "medicine" with intelligent interest.

After a sojourn of more than sixty days in the wilderness where washing was superfluous and a bore, is it to be wondered at that His Excellency's suite (with one exception) became somewhat loathsome to look at?

White shirts and collars, and black coats had been left at Winnipeg. Mr. Bagot tried to wash his pocket-handkerchiefs one Sunday, but they all came to pieces after the operation. Nobody ever sewed on a button, or pinned up a rent. There was one white collar amongst the party, but that was being saved for Omaha.

The consequence was that when we had crossed the boundary line, and walked from the cars to a Montana saloon for lunch, our appearance excited attention, and our curious cousins concluded that we were not what we said we were, but rather what we seemed to be—impostors. So strong did this suspicion grow that the conductor of the train fell a victim to it, and demanded the money for Lord Lorne's private car (specially sent for him) to be paid at once. It was paid, and he refunded it afterwards with the best grace he could.

THE FATAL ENCOUNTER WITH A SLAVE DHOW

A SECOND telegram concerning the death of Captain Brownrigg, of H.M.S. *London*, has been received at the Admiralty, from which it appears that two of the wounded men, Venning and Tallis, have recovered; and the third, Massey, is progressing favourably. The dhow was flying French colours, and when the *London's* boat ran alongside to verify its nationality, the Arab crew fired a volley and immediately boarded the boat, killing, wounding, and driving the crew overboard. Captain Brownrigg made a most gallant resistance, receiving twenty-one wounds, and falling at last, shot through the heart. The dhow, which is stated to have been full of slaves, has since been captured empty; but some Arabs suspected of belonging to the crew have been arrested by the Sultan's troops.—Our engravings, which are explained by their titles, are from sketches by Commander the Hon. Foley C. P. Vereker, R.N.

THE ONLY BRITON WHO HAS VISITED MERV

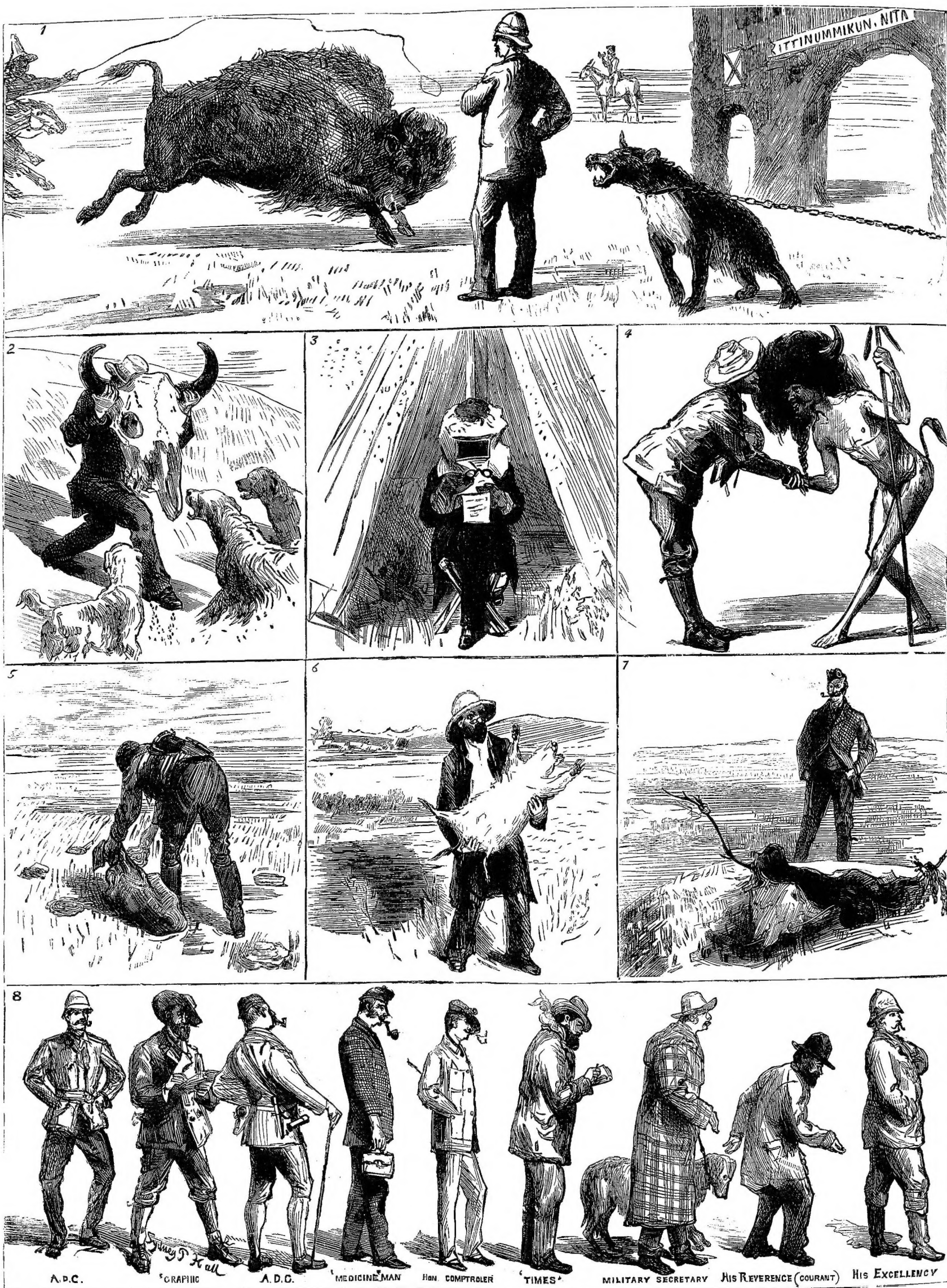
MR. O'DONOVAN, the gallant correspondent of the *Daily News*, who for some months has been a nominal prisoner at Merv, and who, we believe, is the only one of our countrymen who has visited that forbidden district of Central Asia, returned thence to Constantinople last month. During his "imprisonment," the details of which he has at various times amusingly described in his letters to the *Daily News*, he obtained so much influence over the inhabitants that he was not only ultimately released, but was elected a chief, and even one of the Triumvirate which governs Merv. He was inducted into his honours by a salute of twenty-one guns; and power of life and death was granted to him. Finally, as despite his rank and honours he grew somewhat home-sick, he was appointed Envoy Plenipotentiary to all the European Princes. He has brought with him a survey and plan of Merv, and is busy with a book relating the experiences of his visit. Shortly after his arrival at Constantinople, Mr. O'Donovan gave an interesting lecture to the English residents of Pera. Merv, he remarked, is not, as is generally supposed, a city, but an oasis in the midst of a desert in the South Central Asiatic Plain, in which are a number of huts scattered about, containing about half-a-million inhabitants. A fort has also been built of immense height and breadth. The Turcomans, who are of the Tekkè sub-division, treated him well. He has been requested by them to declare to all the European Powers that they will never submit to Russia, but wish to be independent, and for this purpose they have created him their Ambassador. They have, however, commissioned him to convey to the Sultan that they consider themselves his most devoted subjects. In our engraving, which is from a sketch by Major the Hon. J. Colborne, the Rev. J. Washington, the Embassy Chaplain, is shown in the chair. On his right is Mr. Mackenzie Wallace, *The Times* correspondent, with Baker Pasha standing next to him. Mr. O'Donovan put on three robes during the lecture, the ordinary Turcoman costume, over that a silk flowing cloak, and finally over the shoulders a robe of state, given him when one of the Triumvirate of Merv.

NEW LONDON THEATRES

WHETHER the theatrical entertainments of the present day are, taken altogether, of a higher and better quality than those of the previous generation, we will not here attempt to decide, but there can be no question that the taste for playgoing has increased. Then railways have made London so accessible from the country, that every night there is a large percentage of the audience who live twenty miles or more distant from the playhouse; then there are the country cousins, up on a visit of business or pleasure; and, lastly, there is always in London an English-speaking contingent of kinsfolk from America, South Africa, and the Antipodes, who would alone almost suffice to keep one theatre going. Hence of late years there has been a great increase in the number of metropolitan theatres.

One of the most recent of these new edifices is the SAVOY, which belongs to Mr. R. d'Oyly Carte, and is placed on a plot of land between the Strand and the Victoria Embankment. The house was designed by Mr. C. J. Phipps, F.S.A., an architect of considerable experience in such matters, as he has built thirty-three or thirty-four theatres. The *façades* of the SAVOY are of red brick and Portland stone. It will seat nearly 1,300 persons, a perfect view of the stage can be had from every seat in the house, and there are exits and entrances on all four sides. The interior decorations were executed by Messrs. Collinson and Lock. The prevailing tints are delicate gold and white. The house is lighted (the stage at present excepted) by Swan's incandescent lights. The light thus produced is soft and brilliant, not unlike that of wax candles, and may be regarded as decidedly successful. The theatre was opened for the first time on the 10th October last, when Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's comic opera *Patience*, which had already been played 169 times at the Opera Comique, was transferred to the new house, where it has since entered on a fresh lease of popularity.

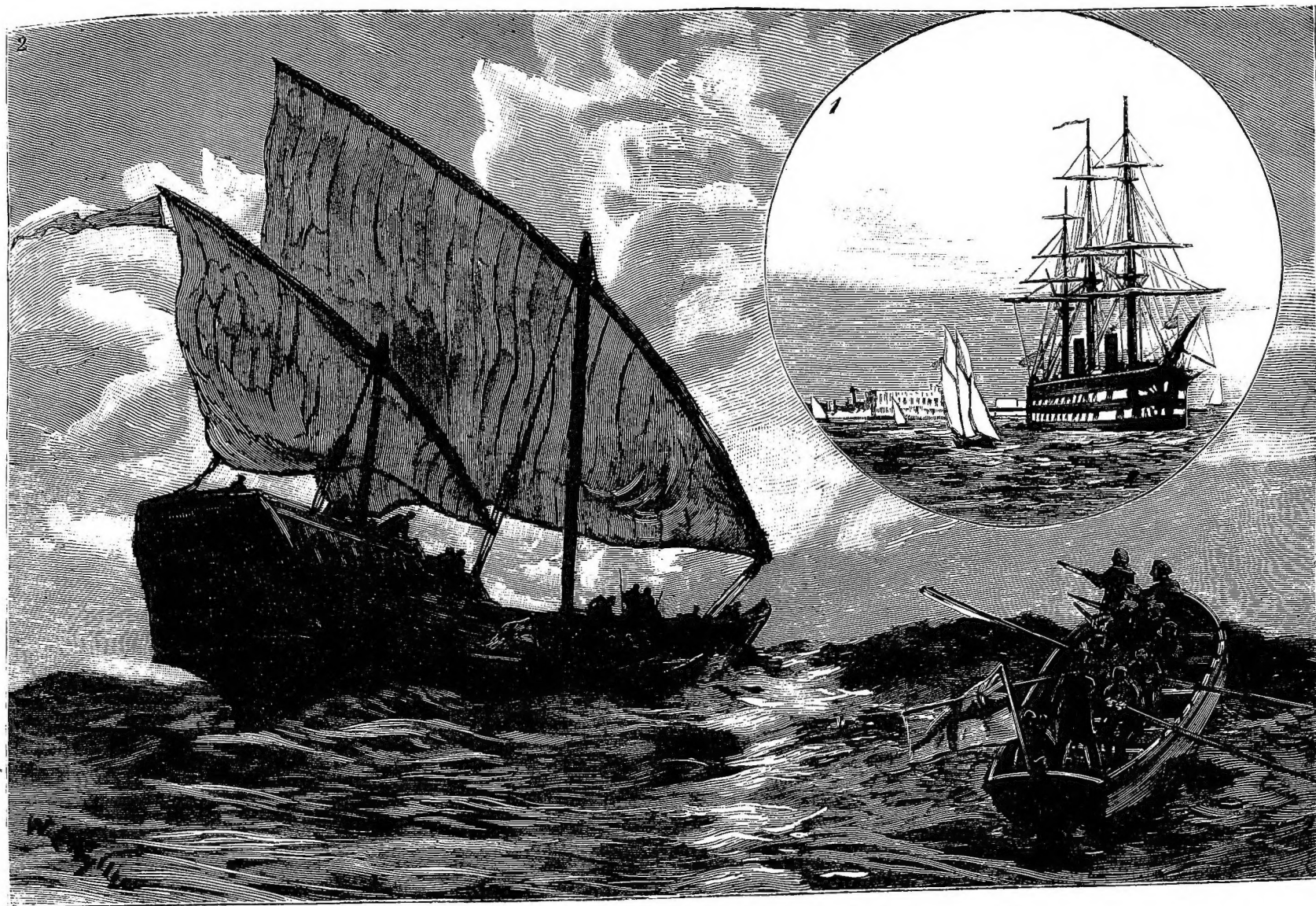
The ROYAL COMEDY, the new theatre built for Mr. Henderson in Panton Street, Haymarket, was opened October 15th. Though somewhat smaller than the SAVOY, it will accommodate a large audience, say about 1,200 persons. The decorations are elegant and appropriate. White and gold are the prevailing colours. The house is both ventilated and lighted by a large sun-burner in the centre of the roof. The exits and entrances are convenient, and the precautions against fire ordered by the Board of Works are adopted. The architect was Mr. T. Verity. The piece (which is still being played) with which the new house opened was *La Mascotte*, an *opéra bouffe*, adapted from the French by Messrs. Farnie and Reece. The Mascotte is a farm-servant, who is endowed with the gift of bringing good fortune to those with whom she lives, and as she would lose this magical power if she were to marry any one she loved, it is the interest of her neighbours to keep her single. Upon this theme a bright and merry piece has been constructed, which is excellently interpreted by Miss Violet Cameron, Mr. Lionel Brough, and others; while the music, by M. Audran, is of a melodious and popular character, as might be expected from the composer of *Olivette*.



1. The Marquis of Lorne at the Penitentiary, Winnipeg: Somewhat Perilous Position of His Excellency.—2. The *Times* Playing *Bête-noir*: Bull-baiting Extraordinary.—3. Dr. Macgregor Musquito Proof: "And he sat in the tent door in the heat of the day"—not in the Plains of Mamre, but Manitoba.—4. The *Graphic* Meets a Brother Artist (a "Buffalo-Dancer").—5. The Heir of all the Bagots Gathering Prairie Fuel (Buffalo Chips).—6. Dr. Macgregor Annexes a Badger at Calgary.—7. Colin Sewell, M.D., of Quebec, Studies Indian *Medicine* at Black-foot Crossing.—8. Dilapidated Condition of Lord Lorne and Suite (the Hon. Comptroller of course excepted), after their Sojourn in the Wilderness. N.B. They were shortly after taken for impostors, and very nearly going into captivity.

IN THE GREAT NORTH-WEST WITH THE MARQUIS OF LORNE, XIII.

SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. SYDNEY P. HALL



1. H.M.S. *London* at Anchor off Zanzibar.—2. Boat of H.M.S. *London* Boarding a Slave Dhow
THE FATAL ENCOUNTER WITH A SLAVE DHOW



THE FIRST BRITON IN MERV

MR. O'DONOVAN, THE "DAILY NEWS" SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT, LECTURING AT THE BRITISH INSTITUTE, CONSTANTINOPLE, ON HIS RECENT ASIATIC EXPEDITION

"MARION FAY"

MR. TROLLOPE'S New Story, illustrated by W. Small, is continued on page 613.

"FIRST OVER THE FENCE"
(A HUNTERS' STEEPLECHASE)

THERE were Hunters' Steeplechases, and there are Hunters' Steeplechases. Those of the modern kind are increasing in numbers each "illegitimate" season of the Turf, but those of the ancient type have so decreased that they are now only to be witnessed at old-fashioned meetings in what may be called out-of-the-way nooks and corners of the land. The modern "hunter" as a stake-winning animal at public meetings, whether on the flat, over hurdles, or across "a country," is in nineteen cases out of twenty a thoroughbred who has worked hard, and often been very successful at the "legitimate" sport of the Turf, and in many cases takes his turn in due season "on the flat" again. But he has to qualify legally as a "hunter" before he can compete as such, and this he does by being "regularly hunted" with an established pack of hounds, and obtaining the certificate of the Master that he has been so hunted. It is hardly necessary to say that practically this certificate is no guarantee that the "hunter" in question has ever negotiated a natural fence during the season, or done more than shown himself with a rider on his back a certain number of times, and been seen passing from cover to cover along the roads or through gateways with the rest of the field before a run. Thus he is qualified for modern hunters' flat races, which are to all intents and purposes ordinary flat races run out of season. For "hurdling" and steeple-chasing he is "schooled" at the professional trainer's over artificial "obstacles" of a not very formidable character, such as he will meet with on the public courses, especially in the neighbourhood of the metropolis. And thus it has come to pass that hurdleracing and steeplechasing at meetings like those at Croydon and Sandown, enjoyable enough as they are in their way, are a mere farce, as they are little more than flat-racing by flat-racers, who have only to surmount some trifling impediments, or rush through them or knock them down. It is the galloping, not the fencing, capacity of an animal that pays.

This state of things, which has been developing itself largely of late years, has gradually elbowed the genuine hunter out of the field of races which were originally designated for him. In days gone by it was the delight of farmers and country squires in all directions to breed or possess themselves of animals with "a bit of blood" in them, and while hunting them regularly in the way of genuine sport, train them efficiently for hunters' flat races, hurdle races, or steeplechases. These were genuine hunters, and in their races in public were ridden more often than not by their owners and their sons; and the cups they won were not the least treasured and honoured of the household goods and gods.

The animals delineated in our engraving are more of the older than modern type of "hunters." There are few more striking or more exciting sights in the way of sport than that of a field of *bonâ fide* "hunters," or, for the matter of that, of hunters of any kind, coming to and taking the first fence in a steeplechase, before straggling has begun. Snorting in the plenitude of their unexhausted strength, "pulling double," or actually overpowering their jockeys, the silks fluttering with a rushing sound, the hoofs thundering on the turf, and the dirt flying up behind, the phalanx bears down on the first obstacle; and he must be of a very impassive nature who can stand by and watch the scene without some trepidation of heart and keen excitement. The first fence is often a crucial point. One animal will refuse and another will fall, while the hero of the moment is the one "First Over," and his name *volitat per ora virum*.

NUREMBERG

See pages 618, 620.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF THE RISIKOPF

THE village of Elm was situated in what was, until September last, one of the most fertile and prosperous valleys in Switzerland. The people were exceptionally well-to-do, because they were not dependent for their livelihood on rural industry alone, and it is remarkable that this condition of affairs was in itself due to a previous calamity. In 1799 the retreating Russian army under Suwarrow passed through Elm, and the half-starved soldiers seized and devoured the mountaineers' cattle, at that time their sole wealth. For a time the population was reduced to utter poverty. It was then that a slate quarry, producing the best slate in all Switzerland, was discovered on the hill-side opposite Elm. Cotton and silk mills were built in the lower parts of the valley; and in a few years the fields round Elm were once more covered with cattle. Strangely enough this prosperity in its turn was the cause of the recent disaster, for the Berg Sturz, or mountain-fall, of the 11th September—there were in actual fact three successive falls—is ascertained to have been due to the imprudent way in which the slate quarries were worked.

We have already in previous issues given full accounts and sketches of this terrible calamity; it is sufficient to note here that 115 lives were lost, 83 houses and chalets were destroyed, and 253 acres of pasture-land were covered with stones and pieces of rock.

The danger was not yet over. Throughout October stones poured incessantly over the north face of the Risikopf, fissures again formed in the upper part of the mountain, and the remaining portion of Elm was threatened with destruction. Hence the authorities decided to hasten the fall artificially by fissuring the solid rock, and by firing shells at the spot on which the broken part of the mountain seemed to rest.

A middle-sized field gun, with only four inches bore, was chosen. The horses were taken off on reaching the cone of *débris*. Then the gun was taken to pieces, and each piece being put on a sleigh, was dragged by artillerymen over the scene of disaster, and up to the Düniberg. Two hundred shells were also carried up. Then came a company of infantry, who formed a cordon round the place, and turned the people out of Elm.

There was no firing on December 1, the Risikopf being covered with a cloud, as if it had purposely sought shelter, but next day, when the cloud lifted, the firing began. The shots were fired rapidly, at average intervals of a minute and a quarter. The resulting echo sounded like a continuous roar. The shells burst in the face of the rock without apparently penetrating. Only forty shots were fired on that day, as snow soon began to fall. Next day was fine, and 128 shots were fired. The range was only 1,020 yards distant. The rock aimed at was about 520 feet above the spot where the cannon stood. After every series of five or six shots the effect was examined, then the siege began again.

The field-piece is evidently too small, and it is now intended either to use dynamite or to bring a siege gun from Zürich. The difficulty in the case of dynamite is not the bringing down of the mountain, but the making it fall in a given direction.

Thus far 254,000 francs have been collected on behalf of the sufferers of Elm. The village has lost more than one-tenth of its inhabitants. Ninety-eight bodies have not been recovered, some of them are buried under a layer of 110 feet of broken rock. The largest piece of rock which fell without being broken to pieces measures 149 feet in length.—Our engravings are from sketches made by Mr. Th. Gosset, of Wabern, Berne. The foregoing details also are condensed from a description written by him.

DR. DAVID LOWSON,

UPON whom Her Majesty has conferred the "Albert Medal" of the First Class, was born in 1850. He is a native of Clun, Aberdeenshire, and received his professional education at the Aberdeen Medical School, Marischal College, where he won many prizes, and finally graduated with the highest academical honours. He afterwards took the degree of M.D. Aberdeen, L.R.C.S. Edinburgh, and M.R.C.S. England, and after filling for some time the post of Demonstrator of Anatomy at Aberdeen University, he was elected Resident Physician to the Sick Children's Hospital at Manchester, and subsequently held a similar post at Huddersfield, where in 1875 he commenced private practice.

The act of heroism for which he has been decorated by the Queen was performed in November last year, while attending a youthful patient who was suffering from diphtheria. Having opened the windpipe by the operation of tracheotomy, Dr. Lowson found the child suffocating, and tried to save its life by sucking out the accumulated mucus. Notwithstanding his efforts the child died, and Dr. Lowson himself caught the disease, and was ill so long that he was obliged to give up his practice, and take a long sea-voyage. He, however, eventually recovered, and has recently resumed professional practice at Hull. Although rewards for devotion and courage of this peculiar nature are seldom bestowed, and the instances themselves are very rarely made public, it is well-known to persons belonging to and connected with the profession that they are of almost every-day occurrence.—Our portrait is from a photograph by S. S. Priestley, 28, Ramsden Street, Huddersfield.

SIR GEORGE CHRISTOPHER MOLESWORTH
BIRDWOOD, M.D., C.S.I.

UPON whom Her Majesty has just conferred the honour of knighthood, is the eldest son of General Christopher Birdwood, of the Bombay Army, and was born in 1832. He was educated at the New Grammar School at Plymouth, and subsequently at Edinburgh University, where he graduated in medicine in 1854. He was appointed to the medical staff of the Bombay Army in 1855, and after serving in the Persian Campaign was successively Professor of Anatomy and Physiology and of Botany and Materia Medica of the Grant Medical College at Bombay; also honorary secretary to the Bombay branches of the Royal Asiatic Society and the Agricultural and Horticultural Society of Western India, and in 1864 Sheriff of Bombay. He was appointed to the Companionship of the Star of India in January, 1877, when the Queen was proclaimed Empress. Sir George Birdwood married, in 1856, Frances Anne, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Edward Tolcher, R.N. Since his return to England, in 1869, he has written many books and papers on Indian subjects, the native arts and handicrafts especially, and he still maintains his official connection with the country, holding the post of Special Assistant in the Revenue, Statistics, and Commerce Department at the India Office.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Negretti and Zambra, Crystal Palace, Sydenham.

THE REV. J. W. ADAMS

HAS been awarded the Victoria Cross for gallantry at Killa Khazi in December, 1879, in saving some men of the 9th Lancers, by dragging them (under a heavy fire) out of a wide and deep "nullah" or ditch. Mr. Adams was ordained in 1863 by the Bishop of Winchester, went out to India in 1868, being appointed to a military chaplaincy at Peshawar. He subsequently served in the same capacity at Lord Napier's Camp of Exercise in the Punjab at Hassan Abdul, where he also had charge of the General Hospital for Europeans; at Kashmir, at Meerut, and at the Army Headquarters' Camp formed at Delhi in 1875, when the Prince of Wales visited India. In 1878 he accompanied the Kuram Valley Field Force under General Sir F. Roberts, and served with it throughout the campaign. He has been repeatedly mentioned in despatches, and several times specially thanked for brave and noble work done during the cholera epidemics at Peshawar and elsewhere.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Maull and Fox, 187A, Piccadilly, W.

ASSAULT OF ARMS AT SANDHURST

THESE engravings (which are from sketches by one of the cadets who was present) represent some of the principal events in the Assault of Arms which took place in the Royal Military College Gymnasium on November 11th. Of all the events the most prominent were Sergeant-Major Bunting's sword feats, and afterwards his performance on the trapeze together with Sergeant-Major Chesterton from Aldershot. The boxing and single-stick *melle* afforded more amusement to the spectators than to the combatants, judging from the bruises afterwards exhibited. As is usually the case in the contest, "Sword v. Bayonet," the sword was victorious, but by one hit only.

A RESCUE IN MID-ATLANTIC

SUCH a noble exploit as that performed on December 1st by Mr. Bence, chief officer of the White Star steamer *Germanic* and his brave little crew of five men, must take high rank among the innumerable instances of devoted gallantry with which the history of marine disaster teems. The *Germanic* was on her way from New York to Liverpool when she fell in with the *Hurworth*, which, having encountered three hurricanes in succession, in which she lost her rudder and sustained other damages, had drifted about for several days, the water-logged vessel only being kept afloat by throwing overboard some 400 tons of her cargo. It was 1 A.M. when her distress signals were first seen by those on board the *Germanic*, and Captain Kennedy immediately burnt blue lights, which meant, "We will stand by you." Nothing more could be done until daybreak, but then Mr. Bence and his volunteers manned the lifeboat, and from seven o'clock until eleven they laboured, making three separate trips between the two vessels, the result being the rescue of the whole of the *Hurworth's* crew of twenty-five souls, and a pet kitten belonging to one of the men. The sea was tremendously heavy at the time, and some idea of the extreme peril of the self-imposed task may be gathered from the facts that the lifeboat was twice damaged by being dashed against the side of the wreck, and that when the work was done it was found impossible to hoist her again to the davits, so violent was the waves.

Sympathy for the shipwrecked crew and admiration of the resolute daring of their preservers were very naturally excited in the minds of the passengers on board the *Germanic*, amongst whom were Dr. Lyon Playfair, M.P., Mr. H. O. Northcote, M.P., and Mr. W. Fowler, M.P. A meeting was forthwith held in the saloon, and a fund of 136l. collected. The rescued crew were then called in and Mr. Bence was presented with a watch, and the other men with 10l. each, the remainder of the fund being divided amongst the crew of the ill-fated *Hurworth*.—Our engraving is from one of a series of sketches taken during the rescue by Mr. Robert Coltart, of Castle Street, Liverpool, one of the *Germanic's* passengers.

THE BENI ZOUG-ZOUG ARABS AT CONSTANTINOPLE

WE have already recounted the sufferings of the poor little English children who had been practically enslaved by a troupe of Arab acrobats, but who, when visiting Constantinople, were liberated by the efforts of Mr. R. M. Littler, and the British Consul-General. Our sketch, by Major Hon. J. Colborne, represents them during one of their performances in the City of the Sultan. He writes:—"While exhibiting here for some months the truth leaked out about them. The proprietor of the white slaves happened to be

a Tunisian, but a French subject. After communications had passed between the French and English Consuls the boys were taken into keeping by the latter, and sent to England. The 'owner' still protests vehemently that he has a right to keep the children, having signed a contract with the parents—some of the poor little mites being then only three years old when disposed of at a sovereign a head. They have been treated with great cruelty, trained like performing monkeys or dogs, and, as may be supposed, received no religious education. When before the Sultan they were asked if they were Mussulmans, and replied in the affirmative for fear of being thrashed by their master. They were never allowed to talk English, and some of them had quite forgotten their mother tongue. The boys tell a horrible story of the death of one of their number, stating that they frequently underwent the process of being made supple by having a collar placed round their necks and another round their ankles. A rope joined the two at their backs, and this was gradually tightened until the body formed a semicircle. On one occasion a boy's spine snapped, causing instant death, and he was 'pitched out of the window.' In my drawing the three boys at the base are three negroes, the remainder are English. The names of some are as follows: J. Donaldson (seventeen), Albert Ed. Froggat (eight), Charles Jones (nine), Ernest Jones (seven), William Jones (eleven), G. Crouch (nine), H. Price (ten), J. Price (14), J. J. Hammond, and E. Bolingbroke. The father of the last-named applied to the Home Government some months since for his son, whom he said was in some strolling troupe abroad. This led to the whole disclosure. He spoke of the great pains taken by the Arab 'proprietor' to conceal the nationality of the troupe." Eight of the boys arrived in Glasgow on Sunday in the steamer *Raleigh*, and were at once taken in charge by Mr. John Klaiber, of Dr. Barnardo's Home, to which institution it had been arranged that they should be taken. The voyage had done much to counteract the ill-treatment which they had received, for though they appeared to be comparatively small for their ages, they looked well. They had been under the tutelage of their master for periods varying from three to twelve years

THE SMOKE ABATEMENT EXHIBITION

How to consume our own smoke has long been a vexed problem to us fog-ridden Londoners, especially of late years, when our ever-increasing population necessitates the annual addition of many thousands of black belching chimneys, which threaten to envelope us during six months at least of the year in a continual thick choking atmosphere, not only intensely disagreeable, but possibly dangerous to the health of those compelled to breathe it. The chief offender is the old-fashioned open grate, which Englishmen so love to stir and to contemplate in that *dolce far niente* condition of mind which they are pleased to call a brown study, but which is the most wasteful system of heating in the world, half the fuel escaping in the thick black smoke and half the warmth being dispelled by the draught up the chimney. Continental nations, with their closed porcelain and iron stoves, are far wiser and more economical, but the Britisher will insist upon seeing as well as feeling his fire, and so those of his fellow-countrymen who are blest with the bump of invention have been busily contriving grates and fireplaces to satisfy both these desires, as well as to lessen the great smoke evil.

In the Exhibition now on view in the South Kensington Galleries have been gathered the most complete collection of these appliances which has ever been shown, and every household should feel it an incumbent duty upon him to devote an hour to their inspection. There is no doubt as much quackery in smoke consuming appliances as in other things; indeed, if the prospectuses which are so bountifully showered upon the visitors are to be believed, there is really no reason why the air of London should be polluted with an ounce of soot, or why its Thames fog should be tinged with the faintest shade of yellow. On the other hand, much can undoubtedly be done to abate the waste and dirt of the presenting heating system, and this the Exhibition amply shows. Of course the main way out of the difficulty is to burn anthracite, or smokeless coal, but this fuel requires special stoves, and possesses certain other disadvantages, so that the next best is to consume the smoke given forth by the ordinary or bituminous coal. This is done by various means, by slow combustion stoves, by feeding the fire at the bottom, so that the smoke is driven through and consumed by the fire itself, or by conducting the smoke a second time through the fire, so that every atom of carbon is consumed before the fumes are allowed to escape into the open air, by admitting a constant flow of fresh air to the unconsumed gases which are thus rendered combustible, and by numerous other methods, for which we must refer the reader to the Exhibition itself. Then, again, appliances for increasing the heating power of grates are shown, such, for instance, as admitting fresh air from the outside into flues around the stoves, and then forcing it at an enhanced temperature into the room, by improved radiation or by hot water. There are also innumerable stoves for gas, some of which imitate the open fire to the life, to wit, the gas and asbestos in the open grate, or the gas and coke system of Mr. Siemens, and others which pour forth their warmth by improved burners and radiation, and others, again, which are stated to need no chimney, but render the deleterious residue innocuous by chemical decomposition. Nor is the Exhibition confined solely to domestic appliances and economy, as improved manufacturing furnaces and such mechanical aids as the "stoker" we illustrate form a prominent feature of the collection.

NOTE.—The four drawings, "Christmas in India, in Canada, in Australia, and At Home," published in our Christmas Number this year, were from sketches supplied to us by Mr. Herbert Sidney, of Ridinghouse Street, W.



MANCHESTER has this week been the scene of a very remarkable gathering. On Monday the Dukes of Edinburgh and Albany, and Prince Christian took part in a musical *soirée* in connection with the Manchester Athenæum. The Duke of Edinburgh presided. The Duke of Albany made an eloquent speech on the history and development of the art of music in England, the substance of which was that in former times we made our own music, that during the last two centuries we had imported it, our own culture and energy having been thrown into other arts by the Civil War and the great revolution of the eighteenth century, the development of commerce, and other events. It was, however, possible, and very desirable, to return to our old practice, and therefore he urged the importance of establishing a national Conservatoire, or College of Music, to afford gratuitous education to promising pupils who were unable to maintain or educate themselves, and also to others who were able to pay for their course of training. Prince Christian followed, with a speech descriptive of the provisions of the proposed charter, for which the Prince of Wales has consented to petition the Privy Council, and speeches in support of the proposal were made by the Archbishop of York, the Bishop of Manchester, Lord Houghton, Sir F. Bramwell, Dr. Stainer, and others.

A HEALTH CONGRESS is now in progress at Brighton, and in connection therewith is an interesting exhibition of sanitary appliances. Both were opened on Monday by Lord Chichester, as Lord Lieutenant of the county, and on Tuesday Dr. Richardson

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delivered an address on "The Seed-time of Health," in which he drew a vivid picture of the perils we all encounter during infancy and childhood, perils so numerous and deadly that the wonder seems to be that any of us attain maturity. Whilst he was speaking ten of the small electric lamps with which the dome was illuminated broke one after another, and some of the audience rose from their seats, but the Doctor coolly went on with his speech, and thus prevented a panic. Amongst the subjects discussed at the sectional meetings were "The Health of Towns," "Sanitary Legislation," "Food," "Domestic Economy," and "Educational Training."

THE DEFENCE OF PROPERTY IN IRELAND has been undertaken by a newly-formed Society, which held its first meeting at the Mansion House on Tuesday, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor, and which, despite the insinuations of adverse critics, claims to be a purely non-political association, the sole object being to collect money and to spend it in such a way as they may think best adapted to protect the law-abiding people of Ireland from the rapine and plunder of law-breakers. The list of subscribers includes some well-known men of both political parties, and Mr. Gladstone himself has signified his approval.

THE CONDITION OF IRELAND exhibits little if any change for the better, the tale of outrages of all kinds being as heavy as ever. Inflammatory placards continue to appear in various districts, and it is said that the branches of the Land League still meet regularly in secret. It has been decided to call out 1,000 of the Army Reserve men for temporary service in aid of the police. The suspects at Kilmallick are already tired of their prison fare, but the complaint that Messrs. Parnell and Dillon are being "starved" is manifestly absurd, as there is nothing to prevent them buying their own food without troubling the League for money aid. There is a deadlock in the arrangements for the proposed Industrial Exhibition at Dublin, the Committee having decided to dissolve rather than have anything to do with English patronage—Royal or otherwise. It has, however, been suggested that the project might be carried out in Belfast, the centre of Irish manufactures, where loyalty is more fashionable than in the capital. The correspondence published in the *Freeman's Journal* between Mr. Egan and Mr. Richard Pigott, formerly editor and proprietor of the *Irishman*, and the author of an article in last month's *Macmillan's Magazine* declaring his conversion from Land League principles, is a good sample of the national power of invective and vilification. The same paper prints a long letter from Dr. Nulty, Roman Catholic Bishop of Meath, containing an elaborate panegyric on Mr. Parnell, and a bitter attack on Mr. Gladstone and the Liberal party.

POLITICAL SPEECHES have been more than usually uninteresting this week, the most noticeable being those of Messrs. Labouchere and Bradlaugh at Northampton, the former of whom said that he had Mr. Gladstone's personal assurance of Government aid for his colleague when he should attempt to take his seat next Session, whilst the latter re-affirmed his intention of presenting himself at the table, and promised, if admitted, to renew his motion respecting perpetual pensions, to introduce a Bill substituting affirmations for oaths, and to vote against the granting of money to any Royal Prince on his marriage.

THE BRIBERY CONVICTIONS.—A memorial to the Home Secretary, praying for a commutation of these sentences on a variety of grounds, is now in course of signature, and arguments *pro* and *con* continue to be urged in letters and leading articles in the various papers. The solicitors throughout the kingdom are preparing a special petition, in which clemency alone is pleaded for, no attempt being made to palliate the conduct of the convicted men.

THE CANONBURY COLLISION, which took place on Saturday in a tunnel near the junction of the Great Northern and North London Railways, and resulted in the death of five persons and injury to some thirty others, was one of the most extraordinary upon record, no fewer than four trains having collided upon a short section of a line which is theoretically worked upon the block system. The inquest and Board of Trade inquiry are still going on, and the accident seems to have been caused by an almost incredible misunderstanding on the part of the two signalmen. As each company seems to employ a different code of signals, the wonder is, not that a big "pitch-in" has now occurred, but that hitherto there should have been an almost complete immunity from accident.

ANOTHER SERIOUS COLLISION had taken place on the previous evening at the Manchester Central Station, one train running into another, and some of the carriages being thrown off the line. Fifteen persons were injured, but none dangerously.

A BALLOON DISASTER of a very terrible nature occurred on Saturday, when Captain Templer, R.E., Mr. Walter Powell, M.P., and Mr. Agg-Gardner travelled in the "Saladin" (which belongs to the military authorities at Woolwich), from Bath to Exeter, and thence to Bridport, Dorset, where the balloon descended rapidly, and struck the earth with such violence that Captain Templer and Mr. Gardner were thrown out, the former breaking one of his fingers, and the latter a leg and an arm. Mr. Powell remained in the car, and the balloon, relieved of two-thirds of its burden, was off and away seaward, and has not been seen or heard of since, although search vessels and telegraphic messages have been sent in every direction. The Government have joined actively in the search, and the distressed relatives of Mr. Powell have offered large rewards for news concerning him. Taking into account the varying direction of air currents at different levels of altitude, and the changeable character of the weather at the time, it is next to impossible to guess which way the balloon drifted; and as up to the time of writing no positive news of Mr. Powell had been received, it is to be feared that the only chance of his safety is that he may have been rescued by an outward-bound vessel.

FEMALE EMIGRATION TO CANADA.—Lord Lorne presiding on Wednesday at a meeting of the Women's Emigration Society, recommended Canada as a destination eminently suitable for female emigrants, who would find plenty of employment as "helps," and offers of marriage the more frequent the further West they went. The climate was not so terrible as some people represented it to be, although there was some truth in the description of it given by a lady resident: that for the majority of months it consisted of snow, and for a minority of mosquitos.

THE PROPOSED PARK FOR PADDINGTON.—Mr. J. Carvell Williams suggests that, as the land required for this project is held by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, they might solve the financial difficulty by obtaining power from Parliament to present it to the public. It is, however, stated that the Commissioners have only a partial interest in the land, the private holders having a long lease, with the right of renewal, so that in any case the appeal for funds would be necessary.

THE CALF ROCK LIGHTHOUSE.—After undergoing great hardships for twelve days the six imprisoned men of the Calf Rock Lighthouse were on Friday last week rescued by H.M. gunboat *Sealhorse*, assisted by some local boatmen, one of whom, named O'Shen, exhibited great skill and bravery. Fortune, the chief light-keeper on the rock, complains that he and his comrades were not taken off earlier, and declares that had he known how flimsily the lighthouse was constructed he would never have trusted himself upon the Rock.

NAVAL ACCIDENTS.—News comes from Accra of the drowning of Mr. Woodcock, Queen's Advocate for the Gold Coast Colony, by the upsetting of a boat; and from the Fiji Islands of a similar accident to one of the boats of H.M.S. *Alacrity*, Lieutenant Phillips and two seamen being drowned. Two other men who were also in

the boat saved themselves by swimming to a reef of rocks.—At Plymouth three men of the *Royal Adelaide* have been wounded by the premature explosion of a charge of gunpowder, with which they were in the act of serving a breechloading 32-pounder, for the purpose of firing a salute.

ARCTIC EXPLORATION formed the subject of discussion at the last meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, and it was resolved to send a deputation to ask the Government for aid in sending out an expedition to search for Mr. Leigh Smith.



THE calamity at the Ring Theatre, Vienna, unparalleled for the extent of the loss of life that it has entailed, has naturally caused alarm among English playgoers. Accordingly the falling-off in the numbers of the audiences in our London theatres since the terrible news arrived here has been, we understand, generally from 30 to 40 per cent. Mr. Hollingshead's assurance that for fifty-three years no single life of a visitor has been sacrificed by fire in London play-houses will be apt, we fear, to remind some persons who know the unsatisfactory condition of the exits and entrances of many of these establishments of the Yankee boy who, having seen a dairymaid go past his window with a glass jug balanced on her head for a considerable time, accosted her one day with the inquiry, "I say, isn't it about time that milk-pot got smashed?" Certainly there is no reason for believing that what has occurred in Nice, Bordeaux, Brooklyn, Vienna, and so many other places may not occur any night in London. Our authorities, it is true, have had this matter under consideration. Early in the present year, indeed, all the managers were called upon to state in detail the means provided at their houses for egress in case of panic, and the result was a good deal of information, which we need hardly say put the best possible face on the matter. It is to be hoped that the excellent account which most of these houses then gave of themselves has not induced the Lord Chamberlain or his lieutenant, Mr. Ponsonby Fane, to rest content. A common fallacy is to suppose that a theatre is safe because it has a number of exits into the street. What is wanted is facilities for getting to the exits into the street; and these, as all playgoers know, are apt to be shamefully defective. There are houses where the entire dress circle and stalls are compelled to go through one narrow exit and passage before they can even gain any corridor. Yet the general return was something like the following:—"Every possible precaution taken against fire; system in force by which, in case of sudden alarm, every member of staff knows exactly what duties he has to perform." Doubtless the management of the Ring Theatre would have considered this a fairly accurate description of their system; but unhappily experience has proved only too well that an outbreak of fire is regarded as too remote a contingency even for that obviously necessary practice—an occasional rehearsal of the routine prescribed for the attendants immediately on the discovery of an outbreak of fire.

It is stated on excellent authority that the London theatres pay rates of insurance ranging from thirty shillings up to 3*l.* per cent. As two shillings per cent. is a common rate for insuring ordinary dwellings, it follows that sober-minded actuaries consider some theatres to be thirty times more likely to be burnt than an ordinary private house. This is not a comforting reflection.

According to the writer of the Monday article on the theatres in the *Daily News*, Mrs. Kendal is desirous of playing the part of the old Queen in Mr. Browning's fine dramatic poem, entitled *In a Balcony*. The situation somewhat resembles that of the Countess in *The Ladies' Battle*, one of the most successful of this accomplished actress's impersonations, though its complexion is of a much more tragic character.

The odd arrangement under which those excellent actors, Mr. David James and Mr. Thomas Thorne, have long been wont to appear not together, as heretofore, but only in alternate plays, has at last come to the termination which can hardly have failed to be foreseen. Their partnership in the management of the VAUDEVILLE has just been dissolved. Mr. Thorne remains, and *The Halfway House* retains its place in the bills.

THE OPERA COMIQUE closes this evening, to reopen on New Year's Eve with Mr. Sims's *Mother-in-Law*, a comedy produced in Liverpool some months ago. On the same evening Mr. Pettitt's new drama, *Taken from Life*, will be produced at the ADELPHI.

We are compelled to postpone till next week a notice of the performance of Mr. Gilbert's new fairy comedy, *Foggerty's Fairy*, at the CRITERION on Thursday last, also of the performances on the afternoon of the same day at the HAYMARKET Theatre for the benefit of the General Theatrical Fund, when Mrs. Langtry was announced to appear as Miss Hardcastle in *She Stoops to Conquer*.

AT SADLER'S WELLS *Pep-o'-Day*, withdrawn under an injunction obtained by Mr. French, has been succeeded by *Any Ragsart*, which, on the first night was well received by a crowded house. Miss Emily de Witt (a young lady new to the London stage) appears in the title rôle. She has a pleasing presence, and acts with intelligence, albeit with a degree of artificiality and self-consciousness that she may possibly get rid of with more practice. Mr. E. Price as Leicester had scarcely enough of the courtier about him, and Mr. McIntyre made an over-villanous Varney, but Miss Page was very good as the Queen. The pantomime, a new version of *The Forty Thieves*, will be produced on Christmas Eve.



MR. PETER GRAHAM, A.R.A., was elected a Royal Academician last week.

HERR MUNKACSY'S "CHRIST BEFORE PONTIUS PILATE" will probably be exhibited in London about Easter. It has now gone to Vienna.

A VALUABLE PICTURE, BY RUBENS, "The Miracles of St. Benedict," was bought by the Brussels Museum, last week at a sale in Paris, for 6,800*l.*

M. ZOLA'S REALISTIC NOVELS afford their author remarkable profit. He has just finished a fresh work, "Pot-Bouille," for which he has received 1,200*l.* merely for the right of a first publication as a *feuilleton*.

CHRISTMAS CARDS.—Messrs. Marlborough, Gould, and Co., of 52, Old Bailey, send some specimens of what may be called cards *de luxe*, being hand-painted on imitation ivory and porcelain.—Mr. Albert Marx, of 22, Jewin Street, sends a parcel of embossed cards.

THE FORTHCOMING HYGIENIC EXHIBITION AT BERLIN promises to be highly interesting. A Siemens cremation furnace will be one of the chief exhibits, and another notable feature will be the analytical examination of the drinking-water supply of the chief German cities, the result of the analysis being subsequently published for public sanitary purposes.

RAISIN CULTIVATION IN CALIFORNIA is becoming one of the important industries of the State, although it has only been carried on to any important extent within the last three years. Now the crop is worth annually some 100,000*l.*, and the value continues to increase. Further, the whole of this year's produce has been raised upon an area of 1,400 acres, while it is stated that 15,000 acres would be required to produce a crop of wheat of equal value.

"THE POST OFFICE LONDON DIRECTORY."—The 1882 edition of this invaluable work, the eighty-third of the series, has just reached us. What can we say of it that we have not said often and often before? The man of business would simply be lost without it, and if he refers to his Bible at home as often as he does to see "Kelly" at the counting-house, he does well. We are glad to see that the Directory is not visibly bigger than it has been for some seasons past (we presume the perpetual increase of London chiefly affects its suburban brother), and we are also glad that for the last two years Messrs. Kelly have taken our advice, and have mounted the map (which used to get torn to rags) upon linen.

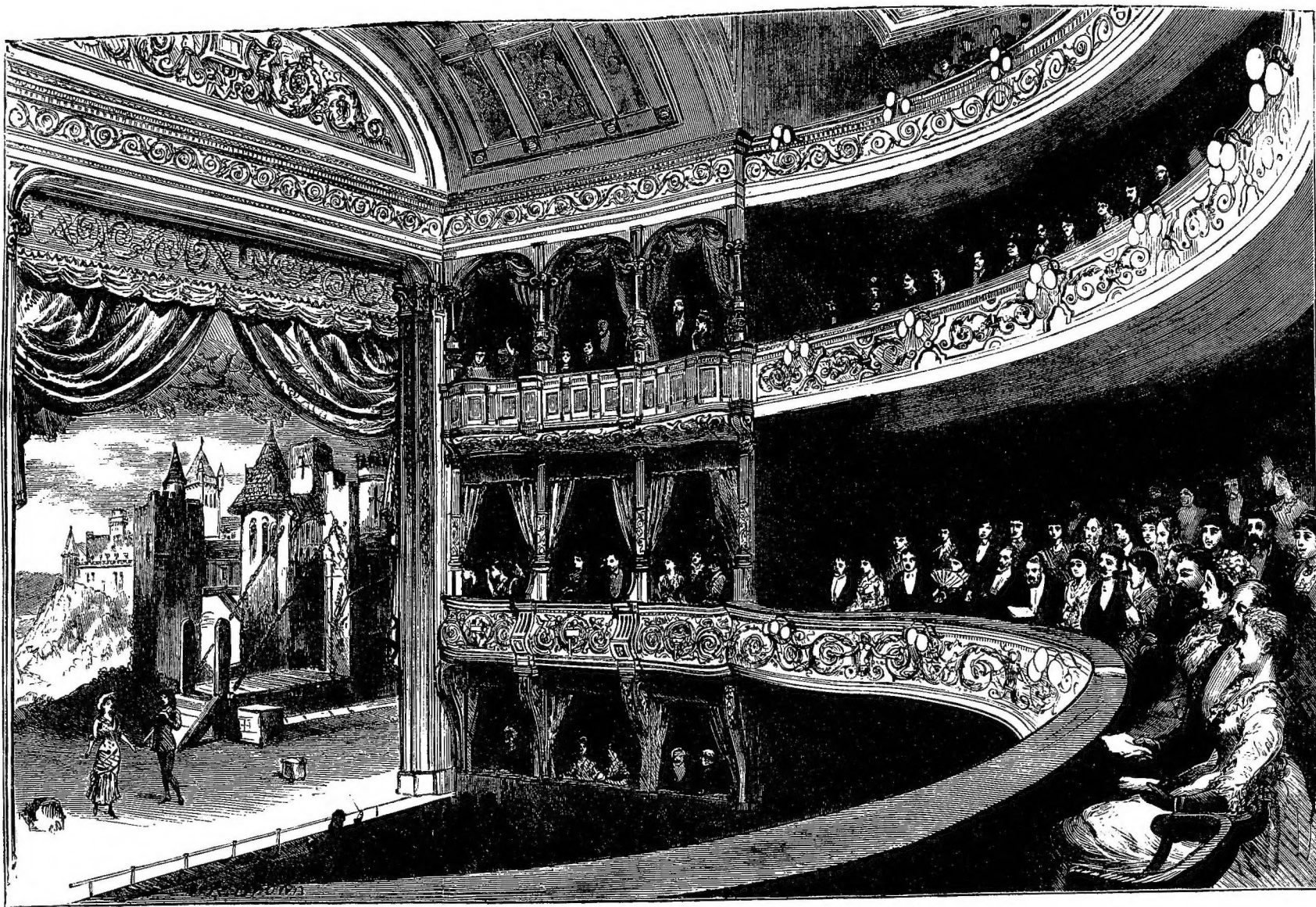
THE PAINTINGS of the late Communist artist Courbet have been sold in Paris, and the French Government have bought five of the finest works for the Paris Louvre—two fancy portraits of Courbet himself, "Stags Fighting," another hunting scene in snow time, and "Siesta during the Hay Harvest in the Doubs." One of the painter's most famous works, "The Burial at Ornans," has been presented to the Louvre by his sister, and the rule that no paintings can be exhibited there until ten years after the painter's death has been laid aside on behalf of Courbet. Another item of Parisian art news is that the newly-formed Society of Animal Painters will hold their first exhibition in April, in the Rue St. Honoré.

FOUNDERS' DAY AT THE CHARTERHOUSE was celebrated on the 14th in lieu of the 12th inst., Monday falling rather awkwardly for country clergymen. The sermon in the chapel was preached by the Rev. Lionel Dawson-Damer. At the subsequent dinner the chair was taken by the Master, the Rev. Dr. Currey, and speeches were delivered by, among other old Chartusians, Sir George Bowen, K.C.M.G., Mr. R. E. Webster, Q.C., and Colonel Wilkinson. The proceedings were considerably enlivened (as at last year's dinner) by the sweet singing of a choir of boys from the school at Godalming, and the same body of youthful vocalists were to give a concert on the following evening (15th) at the Victoria Music Hall, Waterloo Road, in aid of certain Lambeth Charities.

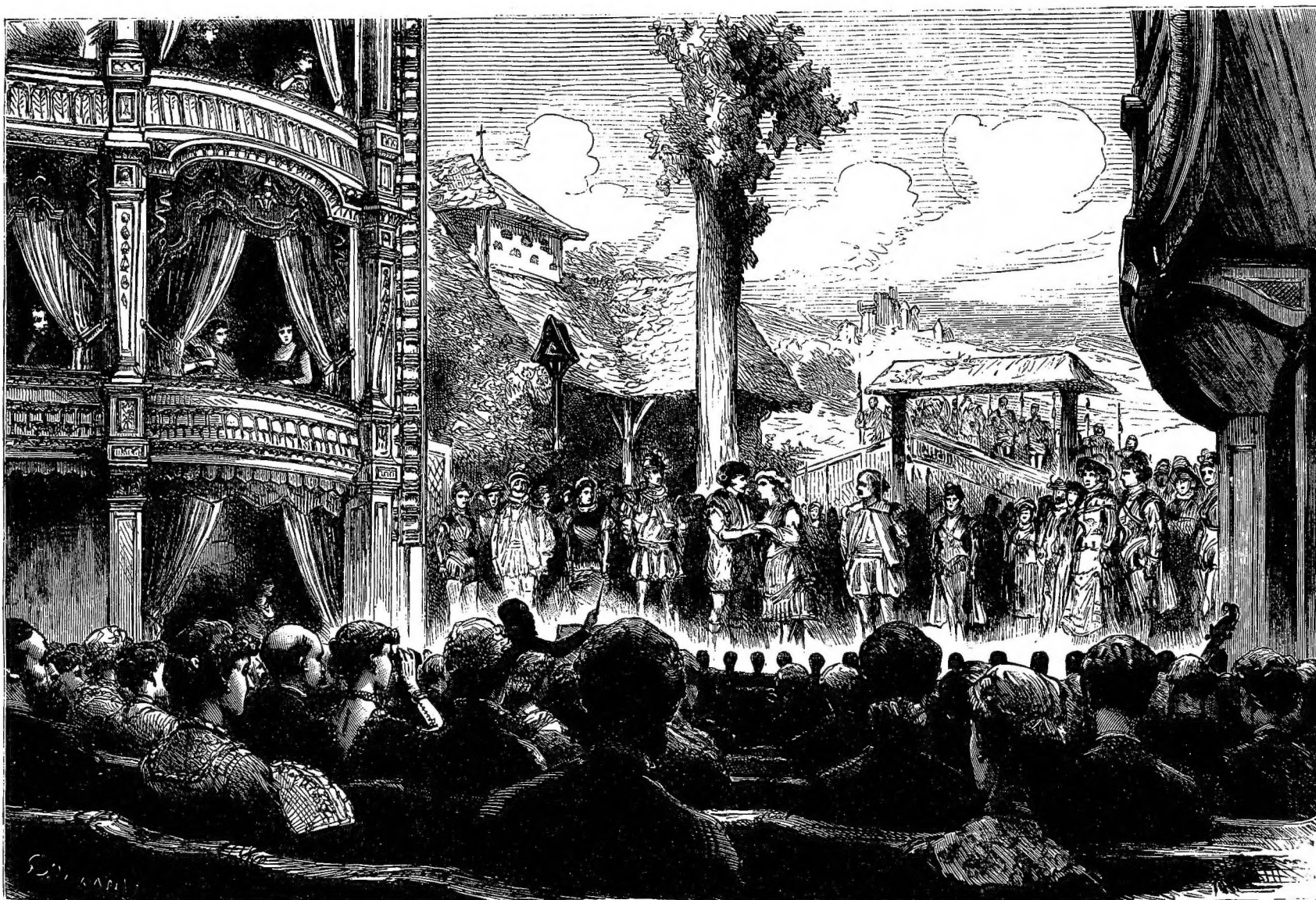
LONDON MORTALITY increased last week, and 1,521 deaths were registered against 1,460 during the previous seven days, an increase of 61, but being 308 below the average, and at the rate of 20.7 per 1,000. These deaths included 22 from small-pox (a decline of 6), 53 from measles (an increase of 8), 49 from scarlet-fever (a decline of 1), 25 from diphtheria (an increase of 4), 69 from whooping-cough (an increase of 7), 31 from enteric fever (a decline of 1), 2 from ill-defined forms of fever, 13 from diarrhoea (a decrease of 2), 1 from dysentery, and 1 from cholera. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 329 (167 below the average, and a decline of 7), of which 203 were attributed to bronchitis, and 80 to pneumonia. Different forms of violence caused 61 deaths, 47 of which were the result of negligence or accident. There were 2,380 births registered against 2,508 during the previous week, being 205 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 38.4 deg., and 2.3 deg. below the average.

CHRISTMAS APPEALS.—The Leicester Square Soup Kitchen and Refuge appeals for funds to give the annual Christmas dinner to 1,000 poor families, as well as for contributions towards the Building Fund, the present refuge being considered unsafe. During the twelve months ending in October 165,468 meals were given, either in the Kitchen and Refuge itself, or to outdoor applicants; and 2,161 nights' lodging were also provided for destitute persons. This institution is the only one in London which daily distributes food gratuitously throughout the year; and during the severe weather of last winter its resources were severely taxed, 9,482 meals being given away in the week following the January snowstorm. In the new buildings the Refuge will contain thirty beds, thus affording valuable assistance to the respectable poor; and if half the sum needed, 8,000*l.*, be forthcoming by the end of March, the construction will be begun next summer. Contributions to be sent to the Union Bank, Charing Cross; Messrs. Barnetts, Hoares, and Co., Lombard Street, E.C.; or the treasurer, W. Ash, Esq., 119, Camden Road, N.W.; or to the superintendent, Mr. Stevens, at the Refuge, Ham Yard, Great Windmill-street, W.—The East London Mission, 263, Cable Street, St. George's, E., plead for assistance to continue their usual distribution of free meals, coal, bread, and soup-tickets to the inhabitants of some of the poorest districts of London, and also to give 300 destitute children a special feast on Boxing Day. Donations received by the Hon. Treasurer, T. Richardson, Esq., 2, Moorgate Street, E.C.; or Miss Stewart, Hon. Superintendent, at the Ingram Hall.—Aid is also asked for the Protestant Blind Pension Society, which grants monthly allowances, varying from 6*l.* to 15*l.*, to the poor respectable blind, irrespective of creed. Contributions to be sent to the Hon. Sec., Mr. T. Pocock, 235, Southwark Bridge Road, S.E.

FOG AND ITS LESSONS.—During the past few weeks London has enjoyed an extraordinary immunity from fogs, but the experiences of Friday last week and Tuesday night last were sufficiently unpleasant to remind us of our constant liability to such visitations, our utter inability to foresee them, and our complete helplessness during their stay. There was, too, a very remarkable difference in the character of these two fogs, the first having been merely a species of heavy, palpable darkness, which, although it greatly impeded all outdoor business, and made it necessary for gas to be lit in shops and offices, and was, moreover, very depressing to one's spirits, did not materially affect the respiration. On the other hand, the fog of Tuesday was a regular "pea-soup" affair—a dense sulphurous compound of smoke and damp—which penetrated everywhere, indoors and out, and was alike irritating to eyes, throat, and nostrils. Whatever may be the true scientific explanation of the manner in which the various kinds of fog are produced, it is certain that those which are to a great extent made up of the poisonous fumes exhaled from our chimneys are by far the most deleterious in their effects, and for this reason it would hardly be possible to conceive a better advertisement of the Smoke Abatement Exhibition at South Kensington than the fogs which we have just experienced. So long as we are foolish enough to allow absurd sentiment and dilatory conservatism to override common sense and reason; so long as we stick to our present wasteful, ineffective, and smoke-producing system of open fires, so long shall we continue to be plagued with the thick yellow "pea-soup" fogs for which London has so long been notorious. A choice of remedies lies ready to our hands, and it will be our own fault if we neglect to apply them. Some day, perhaps, we shall shake off our apathy, and by a comprehensive legislative measure do away with the evil at once and for ever. Perhaps, too, science may one day enable us to abolish fogs altogether, but meanwhile we might diminish the resultant dangers by a general lighting up of private as well as public lamps, and especially by insisting that every quick-moving vehicle should carry an outside light after nightfall. Omnibus proprietors would probably find the small extra expense more than repaid were they to imitate their Parisian brethren, who use different coloured lamps to indicate their various routes; whilst the same system applied to cabs shows to what districts the vehicles belong, and thus saves both horse and driver many a weary and unremunerative journey late at night.

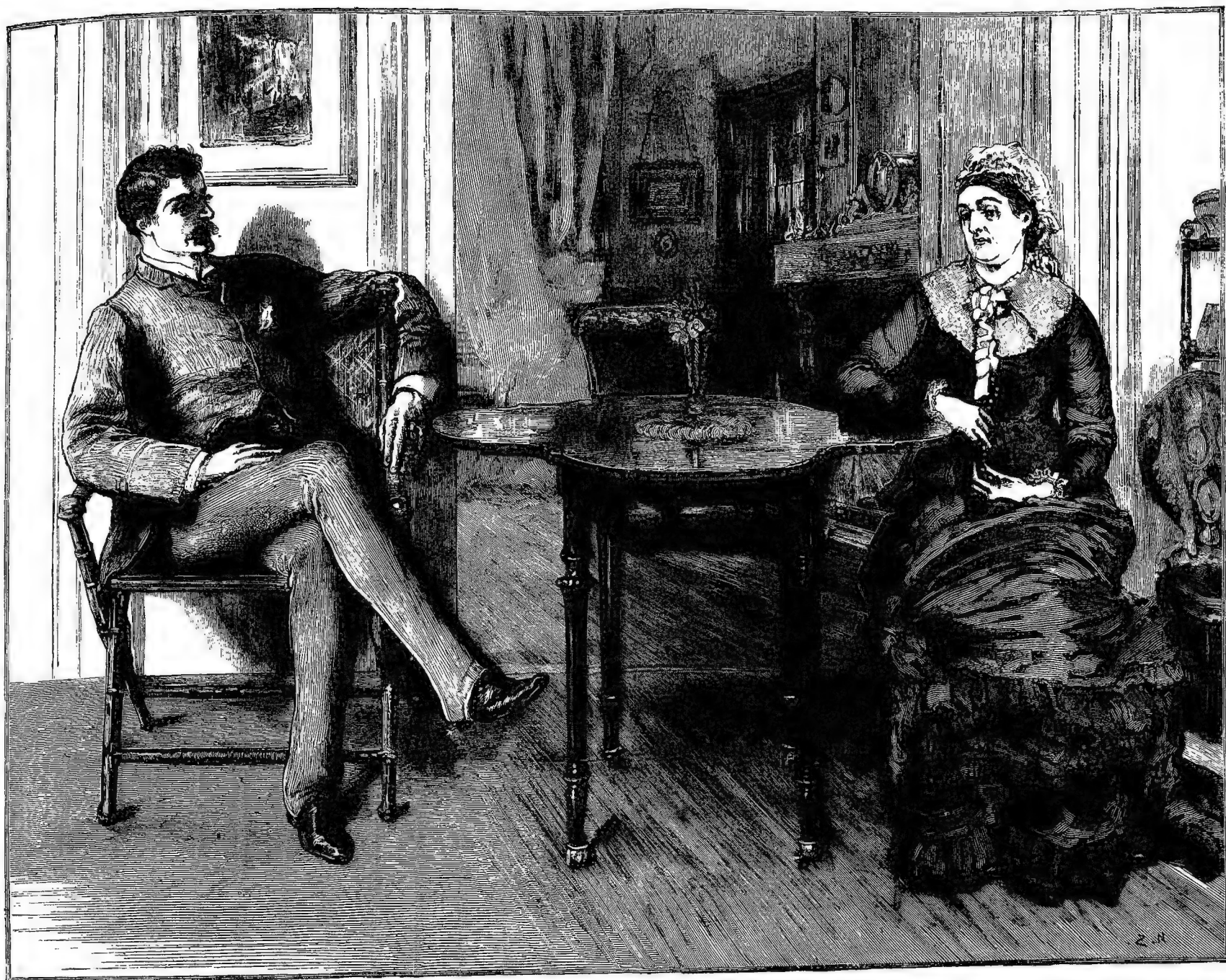


THE SAVOY THEATRE



THE ROYAL COMEDY THEATRE

NEW PLAYHOUSES IN LONDON



DRAWN BY WILLIAM SMALL

"I would not quarrel with your son for all the world."

MARION FAY: A Novel

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "FRAMLEY PARSONAGE," "ORLEY FARM," "THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON," "THE WAY WE LIVE NOW," &c., &c.

CHAPTER V.

MRS. RODEN

GEORGE RODEN, the Post Office clerk, lived with his mother at Holloway, about three miles from his office. There they occupied a small house which had been taken when their means were smaller even than at present;—for this had been done before the young man had made his way into the official elysium of St. Martin's-le-Grand. This had been effected about five years since, during which time he had risen to an income of 170*l*. As his mother had means of her own amounting to about double as much, and as her personal expenses were small, they were enabled to live in comfort. She was a lady of whom none around knew anything, but there had gone abroad a rumour among her neighbours that there was something of a mystery attached to her, and there existed a prevailing feeling that she was at any rate a well-born lady. Few people at Holloway knew either her or her son. But there were some who condescended to watch them, and to talk about them. It was ascertained that Mrs. Roden usually went to church on Sunday morning, but that her son never did so. It was known, too, that a female friend called upon her regularly once a week; and it was noted in the annals of Holloway that this female friend came always at three o'clock on a Monday. Intelligent observers had become aware that the return visit was made in the course of the week, but not always made on one certain day;—from which circumstances various surmises arose as to the means, whereabouts, and character of the visitor. Mrs. Roden always went in a cab. The lady, whose name was soon known to be Mrs. Vincent, came in a brougham, which for a time was supposed to be her own peculiar property. The man who drove it was so well arrayed as to hat, cravat, and coat, as to leave an impression that he must be a private servant; but one feminine observer, keener than others, saw the man on an unfortunate day descend from his box at a public-house, and knew at once that the trousers were the trousers of a hired driver from a livery stable. Nevertheless it was manifest that Mrs. Vincent was better to do in the world than Mrs. Roden, because she could afford to hire a would-be private carriage; and it was imagined also that she was a lady accustomed to remain at home of an afternoon, probably with the object of receiving visitors, because Mrs. Roden made her visits indifferently on Thursday, Friday, or Saturday. It was suggested also that Mrs. Vincent was no friend to the young clerk, because it was well known that he was never there when the lady came, and it was supposed that he never accompanied his mother on the return visits. He had, indeed, on one occasion been seen to get out of the cab with his mother at their own door,

but it was strongly surmised that she had then picked him up at the Post Office. His official engagements might, indeed, have accounted for all this naturally; but the ladies of Holloway were well aware that the humanity of the Postmaster-General allowed a Saturday half-holiday to his otherwise overworked officials, and they were sure that so good a son as George Roden would occasionally have accompanied his mother, had there been no especial reason against it. From this further surmises arose. Some glance had fallen from the eye of the visitor lady, or perhaps some chance word had been heard from her lips, which created an opinion that she was religious. She probably objected to George Roden because he was anti-religious, or at any rate anti-church, meeting, or chapel-going. It had become quite decided at Holloway that Mrs. Vincent would not put up with the young clerk's infidelity. And it was believed that there had been "words" between the two ladies themselves on the subject of religion—as to which probably there was no valid foundation, it being an ascertained fact that the two maids who were employed by Mrs. Roden were never known to tell anything of their mistress.

It was decided at Holloway that Mrs. Roden and Mrs. Vincent were cousins. They were like enough in face and near enough in age to have been sisters, but old Mrs. Demijohn, of No. 10, Paradise Row, had declared that had George been a nephew his aunt would not have wearied in her endeavour to convert him. In such a case there would have been intimacy in spite of disapproval. But a first cousin once removed might be allowed to go to the mischief in his own way. Mrs. Vincent was supposed to be the elder cousin,—perhaps three or four years the elder,—and to have therefore something of an authority, but not much. She was stouter, too, less careful to hide what grey hairs years might have produced, and showing manifestly by the nature of her bonnets and shawls that she despised the vanities of the world. Not but that she was always handsomely dressed, as Mrs. Demijohn was very well aware. Less than a hundred a year could not have clothed Mrs. Vincent, whereas Mrs. Roden, as all the world perceived, did not spend half the money. But who does not know that a lady may repudiate vanity in rich silks and cultivate the world in woollen stuffs, or even in calico? Nothing was more certain to Mrs. Demijohn than that Mrs. Vincent was severe, and that Mrs. Roden was soft and gentle. It was assumed also that the two ladies were widows, as no husband or sign of a husband had appeared on the scene. Mrs. Vincent showed manifestly from her deportment, as well as from her title, that she had been a married woman. As to Mrs. Roden, of course, there was no doubt.

In regard to all this the reader may take the settled opinions of

Mrs. Demijohn and of Holloway as being nearly true. Riddles may be read very accurately by those who will give sufficient attention and ample time to the reading of them. They who will devote twelve hours a day to the unravelling of acrostics may discover nearly all the enigma difficulties of a weekly newspaper with a separate editor for such difficulties. Mrs. Demijohn had almost arrived at the facts. The two ladies were second cousins. Mrs. Vincent was a widow, was religious, was austere, was fairly well off, and had quarrelled altogether with her distant relative George of the Post Office. Mrs. Roden, through she went to church, was not so well given to religious observances as her cousin would have her. Hence words had come which Mrs. Roden had borne with equanimity, but had received without effect. Nevertheless the two women loved each other dearly, and it was a great part of the life of each of them that these weekly visits should be made. There was one great fact, as to which Mrs. Demijohn and Holloway were in the wrong. Mrs. Roden was not a widow.

It was not till the Kingsburys had left London that George told his mother of his engagement. She was well acquainted with his intimacy with Lord Hampstead, and knew that he had been staying at Hendon Hall with the Kingsbury family. There had been no reticence between the mother and son as to these people, in regard to whom she had frequently cautioned him that there was danger in such associations with people moving altogether in a different sphere. In answer to this the son had always declared that he did not see the danger. He had not run after Lord Hampstead. Circumstances had thrown them together. They had originally met each other in a small political debating society, and gradually friendship had grown. The lord had sought him, and not he the lord. That, according to his own idea, had been right. Difference in rank, difference in wealth, difference in social regard required as much as that. He, when he had discovered who was the young man whom he had met, stood off somewhat, and allowed the friendship to spring from the other side. He had been slow to accept favour,—even at first to accept hospitality. But whenever the ice had, as he said, been thoroughly broken, then he thought that there was no reason why they should not pull each other out of the cold water together. As for danger, what was there to fear? The Marchioness would not like it? Very probably. The Marchioness was not very much to Hampstead, and was nothing at all to him. The Marquis would not really like it. Perhaps not. But in choosing a friend a young man is not supposed to follow altogether his father's likings,—much less need the chosen friend follow them. But the Marquis, as George pointed out to his mother, was hardly more like other Marquises than the son was like other Marquis's sons. There

was a Radical strain in the family, as was made clear by that tailor who was still sitting for the borough of Edgware. Mrs. Roden, however, though she lived so much alone, seeing hardly anything of the world except as Mrs. Vincent might be supposed to represent the world, had learned that the feelings and political convictions of the Marquis were hardly what they had been before he had married his present wife. "You may be sure, George," she had said, "that like to like is as safe a motto for friendship as it is for love."

"Not a doubt, mother," he replied; "but before you act upon it you must define 'like.' What makes two men like—or a man and a woman?"

"Outside circumstances of the world more than anything else," she answered, boldly.

"I would fancy that the inside circumstances of the mind would have more to do with it." She shook her head at him, pleasantly, softly, and lovingly,—but still with a settled purpose of contradiction. "I have admitted all along," he continued, "that low birth—"

"I have said nothing of low birth!" Here was a point on which there did not exist full confidence between the mother and son, but in regard to which the mother was always attempting to reassure the son, while he would assume something against himself which she would not allow to pass without an attempt of faint denial.

"That birth low by comparison," he continued, going on with his sentence, "should not take upon itself as much as may be allowed to nobility by descent is certain. Though the young prince may be superior in his gifts to the young shoeblack, and would best show his princeliness by cultivating the shoeblack, still the shoeblack should wait to be cultivated. The world has created a state of things in which the shoeblack cannot do otherwise without showing an arrogance and impudence by which he could achieve nothing."

"Which, too, would make him black his shoes very badly."

"No doubt. That will have to come to pass any way, because the nobler employments to which he will be raised by the appreciating prince will cause him to drop his shoes."

"Is Lord Hampstead to cause you to drop the Post Office?"

"Not at all. He is not a prince nor am I a shoeblack. Though we are far apart, we are not so far apart as to make such a change essential to our acquaintance. But I was saying—I don't know what I was saying."

"You were defining what 'like' means. But people always get muddled when they attempt definitions," said the mother.

"Though it depends somewhat on externals, it has more to do with internals. That is what I mean. A man and woman might live together with most enduring love, though one had been noble and wealthy and the other poor and a nobody. But a thorough brute and a human being of fine conditions can hardly live together and love each other."

"That is true," she said. "That I fear is true."

"I hope it is true."

"It has often to be tried, generally to the great detriment of the better nature."

All this, however, had been said before George Roden had spoken a word to Lady Frances, and had referred only to the friendship as it was growing between her son and the young lord.

The young lord had come on various occasions to the house at Holloway, and had there made himself thoroughly pleasant to his friend's mother. Lord Hampstead had a way of making himself pleasant in which he never failed when he chose to exercise it. And he did exercise it almost always,—always, indeed, unless he was driven to be courteously disagreeable by opposition to his own peculiar opinion. In shooting, fishing, and other occupations not approved of, he would fall into a line of argument, seemingly and indeed truly good-humoured, which was apt, however, to be aggravating to his opponent. In this way he would make himself thoroughly odious to his stepmother, with whom he had not one sentiment in common. In other respects his manners were invariably sweet, with an assumption of intimacy which was not unbecoming; and thus he had greatly recommended himself to Mrs. Roden. Who does not know the fashion in which the normal young man conducts himself when he is making a morning call? He has come there because he means to be civil. He would not be there unless he wished to make himself popular. He is carrying out some recognised purpose of society. He would fain be agreeable if it were possible. He would enjoy the moment if he could. But it is clearly his conviction that he is bound to get through a certain amount of altogether uninteresting conversation, and then to get himself out of the room with as little awkwardness as may be. Unless there be a pretty girl, and chance favour him with her special companionship, he does not for a moment suppose that any social pleasure is to be enjoyed. That rational amusement can be got out of talking to Mrs. Jones does not enter into his mind. And yet Mrs. Jones is probably a fair specimen of that general society in which every one wishes to mingle. Society is to him generally made up of several parts, each of which is a pain though the total is deemed to be desirable. The pretty girl episode is no doubt an exception,—though that also has its pains when matter for conversation does not come readily, or when conversation, coming too readily, is rebuked. The morning call may be regarded as a period of unmitigated agony. Now it has to be asserted on Lord Hampstead's behalf that he could talk with almost any Mrs. Jones freely and pleasantly while he remained, and take his departure without that dislocating struggle which is too common. He would make himself at ease, and discourse as though he had known the lady all his life. There is nothing which a woman likes so much as this, and by doing this Lord Hampstead had done much, if not to overcome, at any rate to quiet the sense of danger of which Mrs. Roden had spoken.

But this refers to a time in which nothing was known at Holloway as to Lady Frances. Very little had been said of the family between the mother and son. Of the Marquis George Roden had wished to think well, but had hardly succeeded. Of the stepmother he had never even wished to do so. She had from the first been known to him as a woman thoroughly wedded to aristocratic prejudices,—who regarded herself as endowed with certain privileges which made her altogether superior to other human beings. Hampstead himself could not even pretend to respect her. Of her Roden had said very little to his mother, simply speaking of her as the Marchioness, who was in no way related to Hampstead. Of Lady Frances he had merely said that there was a girl there endowed with such a spirit, that of all girls of her class she must surely be the best and noblest. Then his mother had shuddered inwardly, thinking that here too there might be possible danger; but she had shrunk from speaking of the special danger even to her son.

"How has the visit gone?" Mrs. Roden asked, when her son had already been some hours in the house. This was after that last visit to Hendon Hall, in which Lady Frances had promised to become his wife.

"Pretty well, taking it altogether."

"I know that something has disappointed you."

"No, indeed, nothing. I have been somewhat abashed."

"What have they said to you?" she asked.

"Very little but what was kind,—just one word at the last."

"Something, I know, has hurt you," said the mother.

"Lady Kingsbury has made me aware that she dislikes me thoroughly. It is very odd how one person can do that to another almost without a word spoken."

"I told you, George, that there would be danger in going there."

"There would be no danger in that if there were nothing more."

"What more is there then?"

"There would be no danger in that if Lady Kingsbury was only Hampstead's stepmother."

"What more is she?"

"She is stepmother also to Lady Frances. Oh, mother!"

"George, what has happened?" she asked.

"I have asked Lady Frances to be my wife."

"Your wife?"

"And she has acceded."

"Oh, George!"

"Yes, indeed, mother. Now you can perceive that she indeed may be a danger. When I think of the power of tormenting her stepdaughter which may rest in her hands I can hardly forgive myself for doing as I have done."

"And the Marquis?" asked the mother.

"I know nothing as yet as to what his feelings may be. I have had no opportunity of speaking to him since the little occurrence took place. A word escaped me, an unthought-of word, which her ladyship overheard, and for which she rebuked me. Then I left the house."

"What word?"

"Just a common word of greeting, a word that would be common among dear friends, but which, coming from me to her, told all the story. I forgot the prefix which was due from such a one as I am to such as she is. I can understand with what horror I must henceforward be regarded by Lady Kingsbury."

"What will the Marquis say?"

"I shall be a horror to him also,—an unutterable horror. The idea of contact so vile will cure him at once of all his little Radical longings."

"And Hampstead?"

"Nothing, I think, can cure Hampstead of his convictions;—but even he is not well pleased."

"Has he quarrelled with you?"

"No, not that. He is too noble to quarrel on such offence. He is too noble even to take offence on such a cause. But he refuses to believe that good will come of it. And you, mother?"

"Oh, George, I doubt, I doubt."

"You will not congratulate me?"

"What am I to say? I fear more than I can hope."

"When I tell you that she is noble at all points, noble in heart, noble in beauty, noble in that dignity which a woman should always carry with her, that she is as sweet a creature as God ever created to bless a man with, will you not then congratulate me?"

"I would her birth were other than it is," said the mother.

"I would have her altered in nothing," said the son. "Her birth is the smallest thing about her, but such as she is I would have her altered in nothing."

CHAPTER VI.

PARADISE ROW

ABOUT a fortnight after George Roden's return to Holloway,—a fortnight passed by the mother in meditation as to her son's glorious but dangerous love,—Lord Hampstead called at No. 11, Paradise Row. Mrs. Roden lived at No. 11, and Mrs. Demijohn lived at No. 10, the house opposite. There had already been some discussion in Holloway about Lord Hampstead, but nothing had as yet been discovered. He might have been at the house on various previous occasions, but had come in so unpretending a manner as hardly to have done more than to cause himself to be regarded as a stranger in Holloway. He was known to be George's friend, because he had been first seen coming with George on a Saturday afternoon. He had also called on a Sunday and walked away, down the Row, with George. Mrs. Demijohn concluded that he was a brother clerk in the Post Office, and had expressed an opinion that "it did not signify," meaning thereby to imply that Holloway need not interest itself about the stranger. A young Government clerk would naturally have another young Government clerk for his friend. Twice Lord Hampstead had come down on an omnibus from Islington; on which occasion it was remarked that as he did not come on Saturday there must be something wrong. A clerk, with Saturday half-holidays, ought not to be away from his work on Mondays and Tuesdays. Mrs. Duffer, who was regarded in Paradise Row as being very inferior to Mrs. Demijohn, suggested that the young man might, perhaps, not be a Post Office clerk. This, however, was ridiculed. Where should a Post Office clerk find his friends except among Post Office clerks? "Perhaps he is coming after the widow," suggested Mrs. Duffer. But this also was received with dissent. Mrs. Demijohn declared that Post Office clerks knew better than to marry widows with no more than two or three hundred a year, and old enough to be their mothers. "But why does he come on a Tuesday?" asked Mrs. Duffer; "and why does he come alone?" "Oh you dear old Mrs. Duffer!" said Clara Demijohn, the old lady's niece, naturally thinking that it might not be unnatural that handsome young men should come to Paradise Row.

All this, however, had been as nothing to what occurred in the Row on the occasion which is now about to be described.

"Aunt Jemima," exclaimed Clara Demijohn, looking out of the window, "there's that young man come again to Number Eleven, riding on horseback, with a groom behind to hold him!"

"Groom to hold him!" exclaimed Mrs. Demijohn, jumping, with all her rheumatism, quickly from her seat, and trotting to the window.

"You look if there ain't,—with boots and breeches."

"It must be another," said Mrs. Demijohn, after a pause, during which she had been looking intently at the empty saddle of the horse which the groom was leading slowly up and down the Row.

"It's the same that came with young Roden that Saturday," said Clara; "only he hadn't been walking, and he looked nicer than ever."

"You can hire them all, horses and groom," said Mrs. Demijohn; "but he'd never make his money last till the end of the month if he went on in that way."

"They ain't hired. They're his own," said Clara.

"How do you know, Miss?"

"By the colour of his boots, and the way he touched his hat, and because his gloves are clean. He ain't a Post Office clerk at all, Aunt Jemima."

"I wonder whether he can be coming after the widow," said Mrs. Demijohn. After this Clara escaped out of the room, leaving her aunt fixed at the window. Such a sight as that groom and those two horses moving up and down together had never been seen in the Row before. Clara put on her hat, and ran across hurriedly to Mrs. Duffer, who lived at No. 15, next door but one to Mrs. Roden. But she was altogether too late to communicate the news as news.

"I knew he wasn't a Post Office clerk," said Mrs. Duffer, who had seen Lord Hampstead ride up the street; "but who he is, or why, or wherefore, it is beyond me to conjecture. But I never will give up my opinion again, talking to your aunt. I suppose she holds out still that he's a Post Office clerk."

"She thinks he might have hired them."

"Oh, my! Hired them!"

"But did you ever see anything so noble as the way he got off his horse? As for hire, that's nonsense. He's been getting off that horse every day of his life." Thus it was that Paradise Row was awe-stricken by this last coming of George Roden's friend.

It was an odd thing to do,—this riding down to Holloway. No one else would have done it, either lord or Post Office clerk;—with

a hired horse or with private property. There was a hot July sun, shine, and the roads across from Hendon Hall consisted chiefly of paved streets. But Lord Hampstead always did things as others would not do them. It was too far to walk in the middle of the day, and therefore he rode. There would be no servant at Mrs. Roden's house to hold his horse, and therefore he brought one of his own. He did not see why a man on horseback should attract more attention at Holloway than at Hyde Park Corner. Had he guessed the effect which he and his horse would have had in Paradise Row he would have come by some other means.

Mrs. Roden at first received him with considerable embarrassment,—which he probably observed, but in speaking to her seemed not to observe. "Very hot, indeed," he said;—"too hot for riding, as I found soon after I started. I suppose George has given up walking for the present."

"He still walks home, I think."

"If he had declared his purpose of doing so, he'd go on though he had unstroked every afternoon."

"I hope he is not so obstinate as that, my lord."

"The most obstinate fellow I ever knew in my life! Though the world were to come to an end, he'd let it come rather than change his purpose. It's all very well for a man to keep his purpose, but he may overdo it."

"Has he been very determined lately in anything?"

"No;—nothing particular. I haven't seen him for the last week. I want him to come over and dine with me at Hendon one of these days. I'm all alone there." From this Mrs. Roden learnt that Lord Hampstead at any rate did not intend to quarrel with her son, and she learnt also that Lady Frances was no longer staying at the Hall. "I can send him home," continued the lord, "if he can manage to come down by the railway or the omnibus."

"I will give him your message, my lord."

"Tell him I start on the 21st. My yacht is at Cowes, and I shall go down there on that morning. I shall be away Heaven knows how long;—probably for a month. Vivian will be with me, and we mean to bask away our time in the Norway and Iceland seas, till he goes, like an idiot that he is, to his grouse-shooting. I should like to see George before I start. I said that I was all alone; but Vivian will be with me. George has met him before, and as they didn't cut each others' throats then I suppose they won't now."

"I will tell him all that," said Mrs. Roden.

Then there was a pause for a moment, after which Lord Hampstead went on in an altered voice. "Has he said anything to you since he was at Hendon;—as to my family, I mean?"

"He has told me something."

"I was sure he had. I should not have asked unless I had been quite sure. I know that he would tell you anything of that kind. Well?"

"What am I to say, Lord Hampstead?"

"What has he told you, Mrs. Roden?"

"He has spoken to me of your sister."

"But what has he said?"

"That he loves her."

"And that she loves him?"

"That he hopes so."

"He has said more than that, I take it. They have engaged themselves to each other."

"So I understand."

"What do you think of it, Mrs. Roden?"

"What can I think of it, Lord Hampstead? I hardly dare to think of it at all."

"Was it wise?"

"I suppose where love is concerned wisdom is not much considered."

"But people have to consider it. I hardly know how to think of it. To my idea it was not wise. And yet there is no one living whom I esteem so much as your son."

"You are very good, my lord."

"There is no goodness in it,—any more than in his liking for me. But I can indulge my fancy without doing harm to others. Lady Kingsbury thinks that I am an idiot because I do not live exclusively with counts and countesses, but in declining to take her advice I do not injure her much. She can talk about me and my infatuations among her friends with a smile. She will not be tortured by any feeling of disgrace. So with my father. He has an idea that I am out-Heroding Herod, he having been Herod;—but there is nothing bitter in it to him. Those fine young gentlemen, my brothers, who are the dearest little chicks in the world, five and six and seven years old, will be able to laugh pleasantly at their elder brother when they grow up, as they will do, among the other idle young swells of the nation. That their brother and George Roden should be always together will not even vex them. They may probably receive some benefit themselves, may achieve some diminution of the folly natural to their position, by their advantage in knowing him. In looking at it all round, as far as that goes, there is not only satisfaction to me, but a certain pride. I am doing no more than I have a right to do. Whatever counter influence I may introduce among my own people will be good and wholesome. Do you understand me, Mrs. Roden?"

"I think so;—very clearly;—I should be dull, if I did not."

"But it becomes different when one's sister is concerned. I am thinking of the happiness of other people."

"She, I suppose, will think of her own?"

"Not exclusively, I hope."

"No; not that, I am sure. But a girl, when she loves—"

"Yes; that is all true. But a girl situated like Frances is bound not to,—not to sacrifice those with whom Fame and Fortune have connected her. I can speak plainly to you, Mrs. Roden, because you know what are my own opinions about many things."

"George has no sister, no girl belonging to him; but if he had, and you loved her, would you abstain from marrying her lest you should sacrifice your—connections?"

"The word has offended you?"

"Not in the least. It is a word true to the purpose in hand. I understand the sacrifice you mean. Lady Kingsbury's feelings would be sacrificed,—were her daughter,—even her stepdaughter,—to become my boy's husband. She supposes that her girl's birth is superior to my boy's."

"There are so many meanings to that word 'birth.'"

"I will take it all as you mean, Lord Hampstead, and will not be offended. My boy, as he is, is no match for your sister. Both Lord and Lady Kingsbury would think that there had been—a sacrifice. It might be that those little lords would not in future years be wont to talk at their club of their brother-in-law, the Post Office clerk, as they would of some earl or some duke with whom they might have become connected. Let us pass it by, and acknowledge that there would be—a sacrifice. So there will be should you marry below your degree. The sacrifice would be greater, because it would be carried on to some future Marquis of Kingsbury. Would you practice such self-denial as that you demand from your sister?"

Lord Hampstead considered the matter awhile, and then answered the question. "I do not think that the two cases would be quite analogous."

"Where is the difference?"

"There is something more delicate, more nice, requiring greater caution in the conduct of a girl than of a man."

"Quite so, Lord Hampstead. Where conduct is in question, the girl is bound to submit to stricter laws. I may explain that by saying that the girl is lost for ever who gives herself up to unlawful love,—whereas, for the man, the way back to the world's respect is

only too easy, even should he, on that score, have lost ought of the world's respect. The same law runs through every act of a girl's life, as contrasted with the acts of men. But in this act,—the act now supposed of marrying a gentleman whom she loves,—your sister would do nothing which should exclude her from the respect of good men or the society of well-ordered ladies. I do not say that the marriage would be well-assorted. I do not recommend it. Though my boy's heart is dearer to me than anything else can be in the world, I can see that it may be fit that his heart should be made to suffer. But when you talk of the sacrifice which he and your sister are called on to make, so that others should be delivered from lesser sacrifices, I think you should ask what duty would require from yourself. I do not think she would sacrifice the noble blood of the Traffords more effectually than you would by a similar marriage." As she thus spoke she leant forward from her chair on the table, and looked him full in the face. And he felt, as she did so, that she was singularly handsome, greatly gifted, a woman noble to the eye and to the ear. She was pleading for her son—and he knew that. But she had condescended to use no mean argument.

"If you will say that such a law is dominant among your class, and that it is one to which you would submit yourself, I will not repudiate it. But you shall not induce me to consent to it, by even a false idea as to the softer delicacy of the sex. That softer delicacy, with its privileges and duties, shall be made to stand for what it is worth, and to occupy its real ground. If you use it for other mock purposes, then I will quarrel with you." It was thus that she had spoken, and he understood it all.

"I am not brought in question," he said slowly.

"Can not you put it to yourself as though you were brought in question? You will at any rate admit that my argument is just."

"I hardly know. I must think of it. Such a marriage on my part would not outrage my stepmother, as would that of my sister."

"Outrage! You speak, Lord Hampstead, as though your mother would think that your sister would have disgraced herself as a woman!"

"I am speaking of her feelings,—not of mine. It would be different were I to marry in the same degree."

"Would it? Then I think that perhaps I had better counsel George not to go to Hendon Hall."

"My sister is not there. They are all in Germany."

"He had better not go where your sister will be thought of."

"I would not quarrel with your son for all the world."

"It will be better that you should. Do not suppose that I am pleading for him." That, however, was what he did suppose, and that was what she was doing. "I have told him already that I think that the prejudices will be too hard for him, and that he had better give it up before he adds to his own misery, and perhaps to hers. What I have said has not been in the way of pleading,—but only as showing the ground on which I think that such a marriage would be inexpedient. It is not that we, on our side, are too bad or too low for such contact; but that you, on your side, are not as yet good enough or high enough."

"I will not dispute that with you, Mrs. Roden. But you will give him my message?"

"Yes; I will give him your message."

Then Lord Hampstead, having spent a full hour in the house, took his departure and rode away.

"Just an hour," said Clara Demijohn, who was still looking out of Mrs. Duffer's window. "What can they have been talking about?"

"I think he must be making up to the widow," said Mrs. Duffer, who was so lost in surprise as to be unable to suggest any new idea.

"He'd never have come with saddle horses to do that. She wouldn't be taken by a young man spending his money in that fashion. She'd like saving ways better. But they're his own horses, and his own man, and he's no more after the widow than he is after me," said Clara, laughing.

"I wish he were, my dear."

"There may be as good as him come yet, Mrs. Duffer. I don't think so much of their having horses and grooms. When they have these things they can't afford to have wives too,—and sometimes they can't afford to pay for either." Then, having seen the last of Lord Hampstead as he rode out of the Row, she went back to her mother's house.

But Mrs. Demijohn had been making use of her time while Clara and Mrs. Duffer had been wasting theirs in mere gazing and making vain surmises. As soon as she found herself alone the old woman got her bonnet and shawl, and going out slyly into the Row, made her way down to the end of the street in the direction opposite to that in which the groom was at that moment walking the horses.

There she escaped the eyes of her niece and of the neighbours, and was enabled to wait unseen till the man, on his walking, came down to the spot at which she was standing. "My young man," she said in her most winning voice, when the groom came near her.

"What is it, Mum?"

"You'd like a glass of beer, wouldn't you;—after walking up and down so long?"

"No, I wouldn't, not just at present." He knew whom he served, and from whom it would become him to take beer.

"I'd be happy to pay for a pint," said Mrs. Demijohn, fingering a fourpenny bit so that he might see it.

"Thank ye, Mum; no, I takes it reg'lar when I takes it. I'm on dooty just at present."

"Your master's horses, I suppose?"

"Whose else, Mum? His lordship don't ride generally nobody's horses but his own."

Here was a success! And the fourpenny bit saved! "His lordship!" "Of course not," said Mrs. Demijohn. "Why should he?"

"Why, indeed, Mum?"

"Lord—; Lord—;—Lord who, is he?"

The groom poked up his hat, and scratched his head, and bethought himself. A servant generally wishes to do what honour he can to his master. This man had no desire to gratify an inquisitive old woman, but he thought it derogatory to his master and to himself to seem to deny their joint name. "Ampstead!" he said, looking down very serenely on the lady, and then moved on, not wasting another word.

"I knew all along they were something out of the common way," said Mrs. Demijohn as soon as her niece came in.

"You haven't found out who it is, aunt?"

"You've been with Mrs. Duffer, I suppose. You two'd put your heads together for a week, and then would know nothing." It was not till quite the last thing at night that she told her secret. He was a peer! He was Lord 'Ampstead!"

"A peer!"

"He was Lord 'Ampstead, I tell you," said Mrs. Demijohn.

"I don't believe there is such a lord," said Clara, as she took herself up to bed.

(To be continued.)

A RAILWAY IN THE TREE TOPS is one of the curiosities of California. In the upper part of Sonoma County, near the coast, the road crosses a deep ravine, where the trees have been sawed off at a level, and the lines laid across the stumps. Two huge redwood trees in the centre of the ravine form a substantial support, being cut off about seventy-five feet from the ground, and cars loaded with heavy saw logs pass safely over this unique rail.

ABOUT CHRISTMAS NUMBERS

WE sincerely pity the person who should, by some remorseless twist of Fate, be doomed to read every Christmas Number that is issued at this so-called "festive season." We have done it; and as Christmas Numbers and every sort of similar annuals have been pouring in upon us ever since the last week in August, we think the feat is one of which we may fairly boast. There is before us a glaring, ghastly pile of them—glaring as to covers, ghastly for the most part as to contents—and, thinking over the frightful mass of print through which we have waded, hour after hour and day after day, we cannot refrain from asking: Where, oh where is the dear genial jolly old spirit of Christmas gone? Certain it is that, with a very few exceptions (which we have put aside for honourable mention presently), it is not in this mighty mountain of Christmas annual literature that now rises before us like a monument (alas! an unenduring one) of our anxious labours. We have—barring the exceptions—looked for it in vain; and at last we give up the search in despair, and with a hopeless feeling that there is something very wrong indeed somewhere.

Of all seasons in the year Christmas is surely the one in which we should cry if possible, "Begone, dull Care." Yet most of these Annual editors, in league with artists and writers, appear to have concocted a deep conspiracy to carry Care and Dulness headlong into the homes of the Annual-reading public. Perhaps the less said about the illustrations the better; but the stories, almost all, seem to have been constructed with the diabolical intention of showing that life is a very hollow affair indeed—a dark miasma of sin, and sorrow, and terrible despair, unlit by any ray of hope, unredeemed by any consolation or encouragement, save that malignant Jack-o'-Lantern sort which is kindly afforded by the Devil. These remarkable efforts of authors—some of whom are, we hope, young enough to be forgiven, but most of whom are, we know, old enough to know better—these remarkable efforts divide themselves into four classes: the ultra-sickly-sensational; the vulgarly-commonplace; the humorous that have no humour; and the funny that have no fun. And this is the sort of thing that people fondly dream will make Yuletide pleasant for them and theirs! Why Mark Tapley himself would for ever cease to be jolly if he could conceive such a concatenation of dullness and depression; and if the ghost of Dickens should by any chance walk abroad at this the season so often made glad and mirthful by his inimitable stories, it would creep back to the grave crestfallen and scared out of its ghostly wits.

But enough. Let us turn to the exceptions to this disheartening rule—exceptions wherein lies some measure of comfort and reward. Less odd than it seems, perhaps, first and foremost by a vast span comes that which represents the journal so particularly associated with Dickens's name, *All the Year Round*. In "The Captain's Room," those delightful writers, Messrs. Besant and Rice, have given the world a story which is of exceptional interest, beauty, and vigour, and that apart from any position it must naturally take by mere contrast with other Christmas literature, good or bad. It is pre-eminently the best of all. The plot is finely worked out, the characters original, yet true to life, and the descriptive passages powerful and full of natural charm. If any reader thinks we are going to give the plot, he is much mistaken. We shall do nothing of the sort. All we say is this: the heroine is a true heroine, worthy of the name, very loveable and very sweet; the heroes (there are two) are men whom it does one good to read about, and whom one longs to have known in the flesh; and the mean people—the cowards and the brutes—sneak out of the story each with his load of punishment, as all such should sneak out. The humour is delicate, the pathos finely true, the fun spontaneous and light-hearted, and the passion noble and of the worthiest kind. It is emphatically a story that does one good, which in these times is saying much indeed.

Next, we think, must rank "Good Cheer," the Christmas Number of *Good Words*. "Good Cheer" is no misnomer, for the personal recollections of Mr. Peter Stonnor, of which it consists, should they occasionally bring tears to the eyes of the reader, will more often make him laugh, and that right heartily. And who nowadays does not prize a real old-fashioned side-splitter? Amongst other cleverly-drawn characters in these pleasant pages there is a splendid rough-cut old Scotchman, named McCraggan, who is first-rate fun—in print. He worried Mr. Peter Stonnor almost to death: here is a specimen of his style. Stonnor was being shown by this extremely unsophisticated Highlander how to catch a salmon. A twenty-pounder was hooked, and before poor Stonnor could realise what he was about, it was "Dashing up the rough water to the next pool. The reel was going like mad. I was faint and giddy, and trees stopped my further progress on the bank. 'Into the water, man, and follow him!' shouted McCraggan. I hesitated. 'Man Stonnor, if ye don't go, I'll put the clip in ye!' Taken altogether "Good Cheer" is uncommonly exhilarating reading, whilst the illustrations are more than usually commendable.

Mr. Francillon has for years past contributed an annual story which has always been amongst the best, if not the best of the Christmas Numbers. This year his effort has the rather horrible title of "The Screw of Death" (Grant and Co.), and though we cannot say it surpasses his previous work, yet it is—as anything from his pen must be—a long way above the mass of "seasonable" Christmas literature, in point both of merit and of interest. It is a very ingeniously contrived story of modern revolutionary machination and crime, in which the recent march of scientific discovery and the startling spread of Socialism are turned to great dramatic account, a novel plot being handled with skill, and the mystery which surrounds one almost on the first page being artfully maintained to the very end. The characters are well, even powerfully drawn, and there is a vein of true pathos; whilst so skilful is the treatment that, in spite of the nature of the subject, there is nothing to complain of on the score of unhealthiness. Moreover, the story ends happily, and as a good thrilling mystery has not its equal this year.

Beyond these three there are very few specimens remaining of which much can be said in praise. The *Gentleman's* contains two very creditable stories by comparatively new writers; but they might be published at any time rather than the present. Christmas stories they have but the slightest pretension to be called. Those who care for plenty of clever pictures in black and white, and a mass of literature of more or less, but no very special, interest will find enough and to spare in the Christmas Number of *Harper's Magazine*; whilst for the rising generation there is really nothing to beat the Yuletide issue of *St. Nicholas*. These two representatives of American periodicals, indeed, are quite wonderful for size and effective get up. *Belgravia* opens with a clever, purely ephemeral story by Wilkie Collins; but the rest of its contents will not add to the authors' reputations, though the latter are for the most part anything but low. The illustrations are beneath contempt. In the *St. James's* Julian Hawthorne has a well-told tale, which promises well at the beginning, but ends by disappointing the reader to aggravation. The illustrations here, too, are crude and vulgar beyond description. The last of our exceptions is *Funny Folks*, which contains only one really funny thing—a clever, humorous paper by "Elijer Goff." This Annual opens with an attempted parody of Longfellow's poem, "The Psalm of Life." The first line, which is the only one worth quoting, is singularly appropriate to Annuals generally and to *Funny Folks* Annual in particular:—

Tell us not in mournful Christmas Numbers.

Alas! the adjective is only too truthfully applied. Christmas

numbers this year are—at least, for the most part—mournful indeed, and inexpressibly dull—built up seemingly of the last final sweepings of editors' drawers, and floors! Tell the office-boy to take them away.

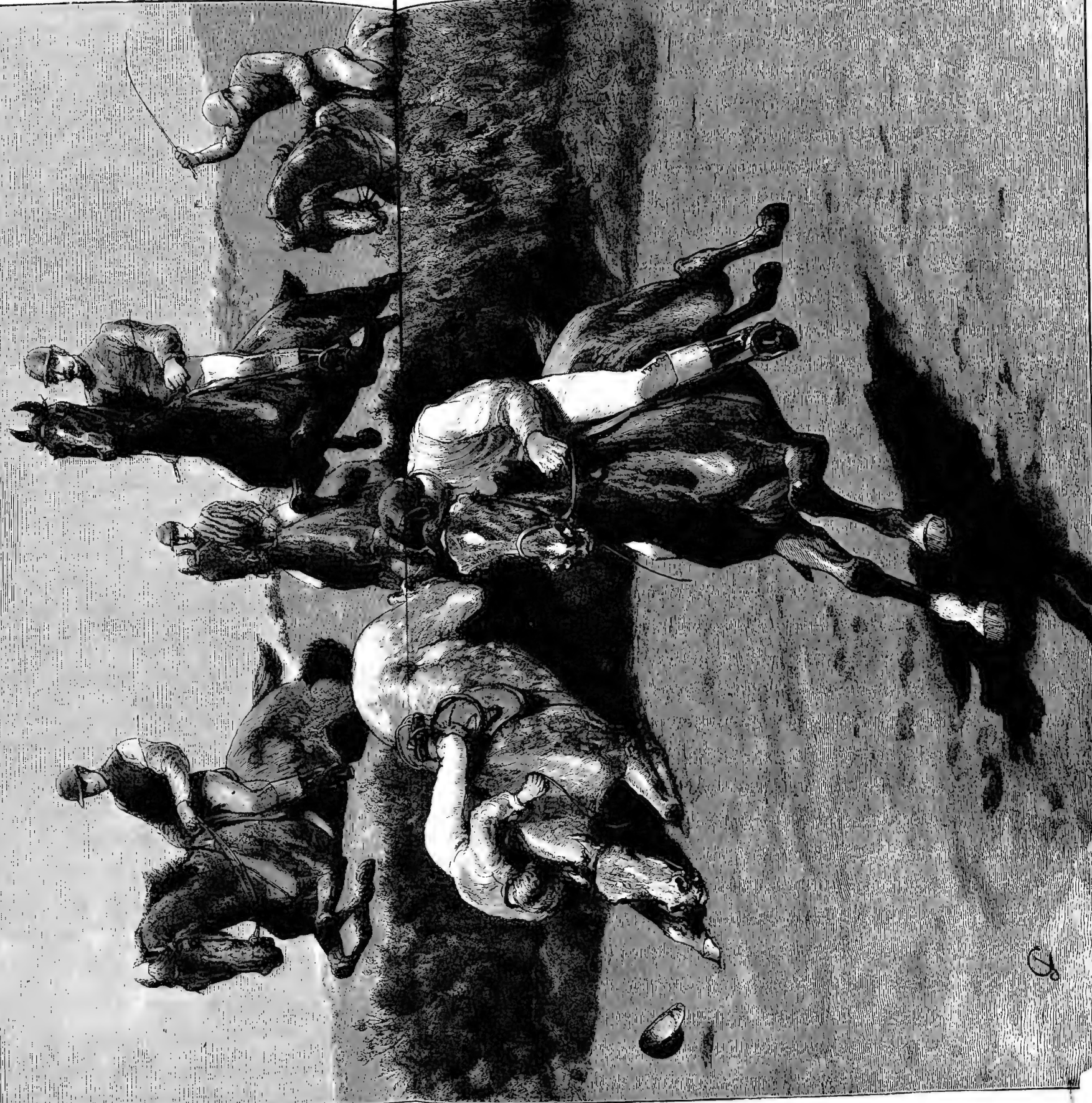


MADAME JULES MALLET, "A Christian Woman" (Hurst and Blackett), is chiefly known as the founder of infant schools (*salles d'asile*) in Paris. She also did good work among female prisoners, and proved in many other ways that she was inspired with the true enthusiasm of humanity. In one thing she set a pattern to all philanthropists—she managed to get on equally well both with Roman Catholics and with those of her own faith, the Protestant deaconesses established in Paris in 1841 and others, and this without paying in slackened zeal the usual penalty for tolerance. Several of her school rules are notable for their unlikeness to ordinary practice. Her children are to take as little as possible on trust; "always explain a thing to a child, and never tell to or demand from or forbid it anything beyond the compass of its intelligence." Here we see the Huguenot antagonism to the Roman system. Her idea of a child's duty is not what the teacher bids it do but what has been proved to it to be right. No wonder one of her friends said of her: "She took life easily; for strong natures move softly, because they are not obliged to exert themselves in order to remove heavy obstacles." Hers was a strong nature; but the somewhat hard crust of French Protestantism covered, as it so often does, a wonderful depth of sweetness. The life is by Madame (Guizot) de Witt, who compares Madame Mallet with Mrs. Fry and Mrs. Caroline Chisholm; and in the preface Mrs. Craik points out how well it is for us to be reminded that, after all, the great mass of Frenchwomen of both creeds are home-loving, high-minded, and pure-hearted.

Mr. Dutton Cook's "Book of the Play" (Sampson Low), more antiquarian than "Hours with the Players," is not a whit less readable. Indeed, three readers out of five will care more for the beginnings of the drama and of the ballet, when Church and theatre had not quite drifted apart, and Henry VIII. was setting up a Yeoman of the Revels as a sort of permanent Lord of Misrule, and not the benchers only but the judges danced at Candlemas, than for tittle-tattle about the actors and actresses of the Georgian era. It is curious that the licensing of plays began late, in 1737, and that it was the subject of a double job, the Lord Chamberlain passing on his task to a deputy at 500*l.* a year, and he getting an assistant appointed at a salary of 200*l.* This assistant was the very Thomas Odell whose plays at Goodman's Fields had been complained of by the Corporation as likely to demoralise the London apprentices. The book is full of such-like quaint odds and ends of stage literature; yet there is plenty of anecdote as well. How Foote, following Macklin, invited his friends to a morning dish of chocolate, and by and by to an evening dish of tea, at the Haymarket, by way of avoiding the penalties on unlicensed performances, belongs to the far past. Grimaldi's "doubles"—how he acted clown for a whole month at Sadler's Wells, Covent Garden, and the Surrey Theatre on the same nights—come nearer to our day. And some of us are old enough to have heard of the Mrs. Baker of whom Mr. Cook gives such amusing details. He does not wholly confine himself to England; "the triumph of gag," whereby the famous Arnal was added to the French stage, is one of his gleanings from abroad. The book shows much research, and deals with everything connected with histrionic matters.

The volumes of "The Education Library" (Kegan Paul and Co.) follow each other in quick succession, and continue to be of exceptional interest. Professor S. S. Laurie's "John Amos Comenius" tells us all about a little-known life, well worth reading for its own sake, and full of valuable hints for the teacher. Mr. Laurie aims not only at bringing Comenius and his system before us—his "great didactic," his "Pansophic school," his text books—among which were the "Janua Linguarum," an improvement on the old Latin word-book of the Irish College of Salamanca, and the "Orbis pictus," which, with its rude engravings, was long the most popular school-book in Europe—but at fixing his place as an educationist. His great work was the development of method, for lack of which the improvements made in grammar schools on the Continent by Melancthon and Sturm, and in England by Colet and Ascham, soon died out. Indeed, the difficulty of contriving any system of education which will work of itself when the contrivers pass away, leads Mr. Laurie to descant on the importance of a Chair of Education at the Universities, so that the tradition may not be lost by those who go forth as teachers. Comenius, a Moravian, was saturated with the theology of his day; and theological squabbles are mainly answerable for "the loss of two hundred years in carrying out the programme of the Reformation and the Humanists." It is strange that in theological Scotland alone this programme was at all adhered to. In the other volume, "Old Greek Education," Mr. Mahaffy is on his own ground. The author of so many good books about Greece as it was and as it is could not but write well on such a subject. Greek music is one of his hobbies, but he does not ride it too hard; and his chapter on the place of music in Greek education is full of valuable suggestions about its use, and abuse, among ourselves. Every one may learn much from his book; even University men who are taking in Plato for "greats." Girton girls will see in Xenophon's "Education of Cyrus" the forerunner of "Télémaque"; and mamma will be delighted to find that, though there were Spartan mothers, Greek babies were oftener spoiled in old Greece than they are among the serious Northern nations. When one comes to think of it, what a spoiled child Alcibiades must have been, and Alexander the Great. We specially commend the chapter on Sophists, whom Mr. Mahaffy compares both with our "crammers" (still more with the American cramsters of ill-educated adults who have "struck ile") and with our newspaper editors. It seems too ridiculous that in an age of jobbery like that of Mitford, the chief reason given for blackening the Sophists was because they taught for pay. Mr. Mahaffy writes in the clear incisive style which marks his other books, and which is such a pleasing contrast to the work of too many scholars. But, though lively, he is not superficial. He has a masterly grasp of his subject; and since, as he reminds us, educational problems are permanent, the subject is one of deep interest to parents and teachers nowadays. We heartily recommend both volumes.

Yet another series, "The English Citizen" (Macmillan), which is to tell us how we are governed at home and abroad, how the State stands in relation to trade and labour, and other matters of which the average Englishman is as profoundly ignorant as he is of the secrets of the *Materia Medica*. We may fairly call this promised series an outcome of University reform, so largely is Young Oxford represented in the list of authors. Dr. Traill heads the list with "Central Government," in which he traces the lines on which our Constitution has been constructed,—how the Cabinet grew out of the Privy Council, and, all-powerful though it is, has still failed to win any legal status; how the Home Secretary is the old "King's Clerk" under a new guise; how the War Office began, and the Treasury—all this is lucidly and tersely set forth. Very seldom has such a mass of information been condensed into some 150 pages;



STEEPLECHASING—THE FIRST OVER THE FENCE

and, though there is little scope for discussion, the way in which "Freedom slowly broadened down Through precedent to precedent" comes out very strikingly. The series meets a long-felt want. Men pick up a certain amount of political knowledge haphazard; women seldom know anything about it. If the forthcoming books are as good as Dr. Traill's, such ignorance will soon be inexcusable.

"How little we know of the history of our sea fisheries, and of the life and habits of the fishes themselves," complains Mr. de Caux; and then he goes on to write so exhaustively about "The Herring" (London, Hamilton, Adams; Norwich, Fletcher) as to put it wholly out of his readers' power to repeat that complaint, at least in regard to that particular fish. He sets down everything that can be learned about the herring and its capture, from the days of the Romans at Gariannonum (Yare-mouth), to those of De Losinga, and so on through the squabbles of English and Dutch fishers (which caused several wars) to the invention of the bloater in 1835. This was as pure an accident as the Chinese discovery of roast pork; and the bloater was soon followed by the kipper, which hails from Newcastle, and has the advantage of keeping longer than its rival. Mr. de Caux is not credulous; he does not believe that a fish can live either in a lump of ice or in almost boiling water. He mentions, only to disprove it, the absurd notion that a sprat is a young herring; he declines to endorse the angler's dictum that fishes don't feel very acutely. Our fishermen used to cut off the snouts of the dogfishes that intruded into their nets (we hope such more than Italian cruelty is a thing of the past), and fling them into the sea. The wretched creatures at once thrust their heads above the surface to avoid the smart caused by the salt water. Nets are now made by machinery and of cotton, "which" (one would like to know why) "is far more destructive in its catching power than hemp." The concluding chapter, on "Our Sea-Fisheries of the Future," deals with the vexed question of trawling, the rights to foreshores, and with that costly and delusive machine, the Scotch Fishery Board. So far from the Government brand being a warrant for good fish, Mr. de Caux shows by quotations from the great dealers, Jahns and Nilsen, that mere rubbish is often branded as "Crownfish."

As an illustrator of Charles Dickens' novels Mr. Hablot K. Browne never had a more congenial task for his pencil than in "Martin Chuzzlewit." We do not hold that story to be its author's masterpiece, but it contains an almost unrivalled gallery of characters, who seem more real to us than if they had actually lived and breathed. Mr. Pecksniff, his daughters, Jonas Chuzzlewit, Mark Tapley, Young Bailey, Montague Tigg, Colonel Diver, Tom Pinch, and Mrs. Gamp—in the case of all these famous creations, the genius of the artist has mightily aided the genius of the author in impressing them on our minds. The above observations are suggested by Vols. XVII. and XVIII. of the *édition de luxe* of Charles Dickens' works, published by Chapman and Hall (Limited), and printed by R. Clay, Sons, and Taylor.



II.

AN interesting paper, by Professor Plumptre ("Two Studies of Dante"), in the *Contemporary*, revives the question, Did Dante ever come to Oxford? That he studied at Paris and drank deep of the philosophy of Roger Bacon seems established. On the latter point there is abundant evidence, as the Professor shows, in the "Inferno" and the "Paradiso." How far, however, Boccaccio is to be taken literally when he speaks of Dante's visit to the "extremos Britannos" is less apparent. The probabilities are at any rate sufficient to suggest much pleasant wandering in the imaginary footsteps of the poet, at a time when the marriage of his Beatrice must have made Florence temporarily unendurable to him, and to serve as a starting-point for a brief second study of the influence of Dante upon English writers down to the times of Milton and Jeremy Taylor. In the century following the Restoration this influence had died out so completely that Addison, in his Italian tour, passes through Dante's cities without mentioning him.—The other articles, with the one exception of Alfred Austin's unfinished "Old and New Canons of Poetical Criticism," are hard, not to say heavy, reading.—"National Wealth and Expenditure," however, should charm the optimist by its irrefragable proofs, if figures count for anything, that we all are, or ought to be, 50 per cent. richer than in the decade ending with 1860.—Mr. Mallock, in his "Missing Science," argues cleverly for the possibility of constructing a new "science of human character" on bases partly psychological, and partly biographical and historical; and Mr. S. C. Buxton does his best to spoil some tolerable reasoning on "Fair Trade and Free Trade," by clothing it in the detestable form of a dialogue between Pliable and Faithful.

In the *Fortnightly*, decidedly the most important article is Mr. A. Frisby's affirmative answer to the query, "Has Conservatism increased since the last Reform Bill?" Not only has it increased, if we count "voters" instead of "votes," but its gains have been most in those very large constituencies—the metropolitan boroughs of course more especially—which were formerly considered the strongholds of Liberalism, while the advance of Liberalism is chiefly marked in the small constituencies, once believed to be altogether given up to Toryism and corruption. In the largest boroughs the aggregate Conservative vote in the electoral contests of 1868 was 172,518, rising in 1880 to 290,966; while the Liberal advance during the same period was only from 287,224 to 365,770. Yet in these very boroughs the Liberals returned to Parliament 45 members in '68, and only two less in 1880, and the Conservatives respectively 17 and 19. A contrast this which makes one full of wonder what would happen if a different division of electoral districts gave the minority its full representation.—Mr. G. Palgrave's "Kioto" (or should it not rather be called Shinto?) is a deliciously Pagan sketch of Shintoism, the primal "religion"—to use the nearest Western word—of the Japanese; a religion full of patriotism and a sense of honour and trust in the "good gods of Nature," which Buddhism, with its essential doctrine of original sin, has unfortunately only succeeded in debasing by weakening "the old straightforward trust" and self-respect.—A short narrative of "The Bergsturz at Elm," and Mr. E. Gurney's "Chapter on the Ethics of Pain"—a fair attempt to disentangle the main question of the morality of Vivisection from exaggerated statements and *tu quoque* arguments—are further papers which will repay perusal.

"Jottings from the Transvaal" strike us on the whole as the most attractive matter in a somewhat mediocre number of *Blackwood*, albeit it is difficult to read with patience of Boer insolence in the hour of victory, and still more difficult to recognise the wisdom of that surrender of *prestige* to conscience which brought a wretched war to an unsatisfactory termination.—"Adventures of a War Correspondent in 1870," though cleverly told, belong to a class of stories of which the present generation has been long since surfeited, and "Canonisation of Cobden" is a spiteful paper which only the bitterness of Tories will enjoy without reserve.

To the *Gentleman's "Redspinner"* contributes some pleasant "Notes on the Dugong," that wonderful Australian water-mammal whose meat—and a fat dugong weighs at least a ton—makes first-rate bacon, veal, or beef, according to the animal's age, the part you cut from, and the way you cook it; whose bones are a good substitute for ivory; and whose oil so far surpasses cod-liver that a patient in the last stage of atrophy, and only able at first to take it in the form of a lin-

ment, was restored in a few weeks to health and vigour. Its favourite *habitat* is the coast of Queensland. We may add that fishermen easily track it by its "blowing."

In *Belgravia* fiction claims the foremost place alike for the lengthier serials, and for the very pretty short story "Love and Greek." An amusing paper on "George Colman," by Mr. Barton Baker, and a smartly written account of "Boar-hunting in the Ardennes," are both, however, very excellent "padding."

In *Chambers* we have barely space to notice Dr. Arthur Stradling's "Some Queer Dishes," of which one, at least, "prawns' brains," may any day be tried by the least enterprising of our readers; in the *Churchman* Lord Middleton's sound paper upon "City Churches" and the various obstacles which have thus far made the Act of 1870 all but inoperative.

The *Critic*, a new American fortnightly, much resembling our own *Athenaeum* (with a frontispiece), is another fresh venture well deserving a word of praise. Careful, conscientious criticism should entitle the new journal to fill a similar place beyond the Atlantic to that which the *Athenaeum* and the *Academy* occupy in England.



MISS HARRIETT JAY, having achieved a foremost place among writers of Irish fiction, has in "Two Men and a Maid" (3 vols. : F. V. White and Co.) entered upon a deeper and wilder exploration of human passion than she has hitherto attempted. Her latest novel is a portraiture of jealousy in its most extreme form. It need not be said that the subject is not attractive in itself, and that whatever attraction the strongest hand can bestow upon it is of the nature of fascination. It must not be supposed that the exposure of Richard Glamorgan's self-torturing soul, until it becomes crazed well-nigh to murder, affords a pleasant spectacle. But it is a terribly fascinating one, and gains in effect from the extraordinary skill with which Miss Jay has kept the most consuming and overwhelming passion well to its own side of the line that divides it from insanity. Glamorgan is a passionate self-torturer, seeking for the one woman whom he can trust, and determined, with or without cause, to find himself deceived. He can love with his whole life: but with him, as he says of himself, love does not mean faith, but jealousy. He plots a hideously cruel stratagem to test whether the love of the woman who has given him her whole heart is great enough to endure beyond the grave. By the extreme of poetical justice, the plot fails, or seems to fail, and three lives at least are destroyed or ruined for ever. But it is less in the outline of her plot than in her mastery over the extremes of tragic passion and over the most violently contrasted characters that Miss Jay's strength displays itself most thoroughly. Nothing can be more dramatic than the contrast between Alice and Glamorgan—between the man who imprisons her life in, and by means of, the gloom of his own, and the girl, weak and gentle by nature, but stronger in her very feebleness than his seemingly greater strength could dream. It is probably merely a coincidence that the quaint sound of the title, "Two Men and a Maid" should, by echoing the "Man and a Maid" in Tennyson's "Maud," suggest also that kindred study of self-torture. But nevertheless, whether purposely allusive or not, the title is, from this point of view, singularly well chosen. Compared with the former works of the authoress of "The Queen of Connaught" this novel must be pronounced second to none. It is more dramatically complete and shows even extraordinary capacity for dealing with the greater passions, by means not only of the power that comes from insight, but also of the subtle touches derived from thought and study. A little more self-restraint in description, a little more accuracy in outward matters, fewer lurid effects, and more frequent gleams of sunshine, are still needed at her hands. But, even without these, "Two Men and a Maid" is something more than a merely good and powerful novel. In what respects it is more, no reader will fail to understand.

In spite of its being the history of a hero who is such a miracle of honour that he would sooner break his wife's heart and ruin her life than tell her harmlessly and privately that his black sheep of a brother had once forged a cheque, "Julian Karslake's Secret," by Mrs. John Hodder Needell (3 vols. : Smith, Elder, and Co.), is an interesting and even sympathetic novel. The conduct of Julian, intended to be admirable, is simply infamous; but the manner of the story is such as to cheat us of a good deal of misplaced sympathy. None of the characters are particularly well drawn: so it must be concluded that the story is in itself a more than fairly good one. The growth of the love of Sybil (Mrs. Needell is answerable for the spelling), for Julian, out of an original dislike, is well traced and described, and the secret is not too long kept from the reader. But the chief excellence of the story is that the misunderstanding upon which it is based is not used as a conventional machine for parting two people who not only love but know one another. It is really pleasant and life-like to meet in recent fiction with a heroine whose faith is proof against appearances. A story good enough to stand alone is something to have made: and this, at any rate, Mrs. Needell has done.

"A Ruined Life," translated from the French of C. C. de Rocfort by S. Russell (2 vols. : F. V. White and Co.), appears from the preface to have been written in order to abolish "the Breton's simple faith" which from one point of view delights, from another disgusts, the author. He hopes to convert the Breton to enlightened views by telling the story of a wicked priest who, in the times of the great Revolution, parted a husband and wife and had a girl's eyes put out, so that she might not see what he did not please. The whole course of the story is such that the Breton must be simple indeed if he does not prefer his old fables to M. de Rocfort's new. People and events are alike preposterously impossible, and are drawn in that curious manner to which a Frenchman with a superstitious dislike for priests alone has the key. French priests have done wicked things as well as good things in their time, but it is not M. de Rocfort who will prevent their doing any more good or harm.

"Lord Farleigh" (1 vol. : Marcus Ward and Co.), is a harmless little story of how two young lovers quarrelled and made it up again. He thought she had thrown him over for an earl, and then came back to him when he became the earl's heir. She was offended by his thinking so badly of her. But they were reconciled: and that is all. Such things no doubt do happen. But does that make them worth telling, without some better reason? There is certainly no better reason here. But then there is no worse: and that is quite sufficient to raise "Lord Farleigh" to the strictly average level of every-day fiction.

MUSICAL NEIGHBOURS are often very trying to the temper, so an impecunious Parisian has lately been profiting by this fact to earn his livelihood. He takes an expensive suite of apartments on a long lease, and when safely installed begins to play very badly on a trombone. At first he plays for an hour night and morning; then, when the neighbours complain, he practises for two hours, and gradually increases the length of his musical studies, until he plays from 8 A.M. till 9 P.M. The persecuted tenants or landlord then offer him some pecuniary inducement to sacrifice his lease, so he departs, and begins the same trick elsewhere—so says the *Parisian*.

NUREMBERG

THE country was flat and uninteresting as we approached Nuremberg. But the fine old Spittler Thurm and the ancient brown walls near the station were satisfying; and as we drove through the streets we began to realise that we had reached the city of Albert Durer and Adam Kraft, and the glorious generation of Art workers. But Nuremberg is not what it was, its inhabitants are anxious to extend their limits, and are actually pulling down parts of the grand old city walls; ancient buildings have been destroyed, modern houses are built in many streets on the St. Lawrence side of the town, some of them in very good taste, far better than the taste of the restorers, who have laid clumsy fingers on the churches.

On the morning after our arrival we were asked to see the arrangements made for two wedding breakfasts in our comfortable Hotel, the "Goldner Adler." One was to be given in the large *salle à manger*, where covers were laid for about a hundred guests—the tables were charmingly decorated with flowers and coloured glass; but in the large ball-room upstairs the preparations were far more costly, and for a far larger number of guests. The flowers on the tables and about the room were of the rarest kind. There was a musicians' gallery, and we heard that there would be music during dinner and dancing after. In an inner room, curtained off by immense *portières*, was an altar decorated with flowers. This was to be a Jewish marriage, and at noon the guests began to arrive. We met the bride on the stairs; she was tall, and looked very elegant in white satin, with a veil of shimmering gossamer reaching her feet. Soon after the banquet, which took place at the same time as our *table d'hôte*—one o'clock—dance music began, and dancing was kept up till late at night with little pause between.

When we went out we found the courtyard sprinkled with box leaves and zinnia blossoms. Looking down our street we saw many very remarkable old mansions, with sculptured oriels and balconies, and just opposite were some of the red-capped open dormers on the roof, which we soon found were special features of Nuremberg. These openings are roofed with red-tiled pointed hoods, projecting like an oriel. There is a hook and pulley on each side, and as we passed we saw a woman fill a basket from a heap of logs on the pavement below, while a girl at the dormer-like opening let down an empty bucket by a rope fixed to one of the pulleys.

Going up our street we found ourselves close to the west front of St. Lawrence's Church; a beautiful green bronze fountain, the Tugend Brunnen on one side, and across the way the fine Nassau House, with a sculptured oriel at each corner. The spires of St. Lawrence are graceful, and the sculpture over its western doorway is very fine, so is the Bride's doorway with its two narrow arches. But the interior is beautiful, rich in colour and full of art-work. The church is finely proportioned, and the dark sandstone of which it is built helps the richness of the general effect. There is a covered staircase beside the Baptistry, with pierced stone panelling, which is highly picturesque, and the old stained-glass windows of the choir are very remarkable. Strips of lovely old tapestry, most harmonious in colour, hang round the walls; the atmosphere breathes colour; and the wood carvings on the altars, the *bas-reliefs* in stone, the succession of monuments, pictures, statues, coats-of-arms, &c., would take days to examine in minute detail.

The wonder of this beautiful church is, however, the Sacraments-häuschen of Adam Kraft, a graceful spire of stone work, rising, as Longfellow says, "thro' the painted air," to the roof of the church, and then curling over in the shape of a pastoral crook. Words cannot paint this marvel of delicate chiselling, part of which symbolises in form a crown of thorns of fantastic design. It is the strangest union of fanciful imagination and hard unyielding material, and rests on the broad shoulders of its creator and his two workmen. What liberal souls the old patricians of Nuremberg must have been! This tabernacle was four years and a half in making, at the cost of Hans Imhoff, who paid the great sculptor 770 guildens for his labour. It is a reproach to them that after all he did to beautify their city, for his hand is everywhere, both inside and outside the walls, the Nurembergers allowed Adam Kraft to die poor and neglected in the hospital of Schwabach in 1507, seven years after the completion of this wonderful Sacramentshäuschen. Veit Stoss and Peter Vischer are also represented in St. Lawrence, the former by an elaborate wood-carving of the Salutation suspended from the roof, while Vischer contributes a beautiful metal candelabrum.

From this church we went on the river, sauntering from one bridge to another, bewildered with the marvellous pictures on every side. For the Pegnitz cuts Nuremberg in two, the southern half being called St. Lawrence and the northern St. Sebald side. The river divides also, and clasps three islands between its arms; the views from the bridges of these islands (one of them covered with quaint buildings and trees) is very picturesque. Some of the bridges have old houses on them, and one of these, a covered bridge, has also a fine old tower at one end, the Henkersteg, in which dwelt the city executioner.

The brown and red-roofed houses on the banks are washed by the river, and their wooden balconies, sometimes gay with geraniums and orange nasturtiums, or with blue and red shirts drying in the sunshine, tell vividly against the dark interiors shown by the open spaces behind, and paint the water with their reflections. We came upon one special view from a sort of terrace, beside the river. One roof rises above another with such surprising and unexpected complications of dormers and gables, with peeps of oriels and sculptured balconies, of huge brass signs starting out from angles, and red-hooded Mother Hubbard-like projections high over head—that one feels bewildered in looking at the quaint medley, out of which rise the twin spires of St. Sebald, while the stern-looking towers of the Burg seem to keep watch and ward over the foreground made by the yellow river, here crossed by a quaint stone bridge.

These views from the bridges, or from beside the water, are most varied, and are one of the great sights of Nuremberg, full of colour and charm. At last we left them and crossed over, to the Spital Platz, where is the statue of Hans Sachs, the cobbler bard, one of the master singers of Nuremberg—poet and dramatist, story-teller and cobbler. Everywhere we saw *bas-reliefs* in stone outside the houses, and statues at the corners of the streets. A little way on we came to a very curious little fountain called the Gänsemännchen (gooseman)—this is in bronze, by the celebrated artist, Labenwolf, and represents a countryman in peasant costume carrying a goose under each arm. It is marvellously executed. There is a tradition that the man had stolen the geese one market-day, and that he escaped punishment for the offence by standing as a model to the artist—thereby immortalising himself as a thief. Close by this is the fruit and vegetable market. The fruit was indifferent, the pears were not ripe, and the peaches were bruised; indeed, the peasant girls and women were far more attractive than their wares. Most of them wore red kerchiefs tied round their heads, one corner hanging down behind, and the others knotted over the temples like shorthorns. Another red handkerchief, sometimes with a rich border, covered the chest and shoulders, and some of the girls knotted this handkerchief behind, so that it hung down in front over the apron bib. Many of them had white sleeves from shoulder to elbow, and voluminous blue, and brown, or green skirts, of which the large blue or purple apron covered half.

At the corner of this market stood an old woman, evidently looked up to by the rest. She was very stout, and her rich red head-dress, bordered with green and purple, suited her pleasant face as she

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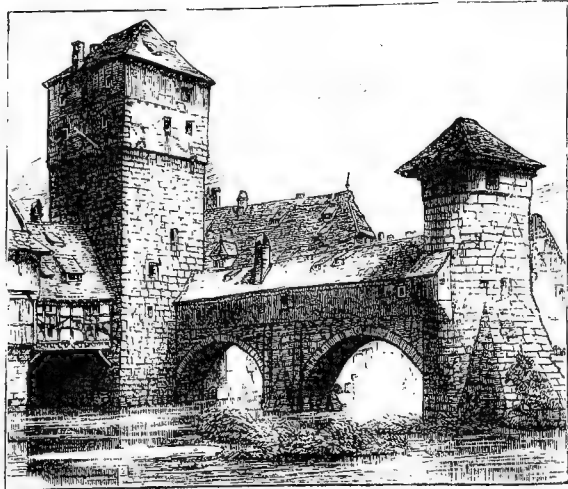
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stood framed in between two huge trusses of golden straw which screened her from the wind. She seemed pleased at being sketched, and answered with the most radiant good-humour the chaff of the group of market people and passers-by who collected round. Going on through this market we came round behind the Frauen Kirche to the Haupt Markt, and saw before us this exquisite church and the beautiful fountain, well-named "Schöne Brunnen." It was very disappointing to find the Frauen Kirche so encumbered by scaffolding that we could only see it bit by bit. The interior seems most interesting, but is now being made too gorgeous with colour and gilding. The workmen said it was not safe to enter, as the flooring had been removed. The altar pictures, of very early date, had also been taken away during the restoration.



THE HENKERSTEG

We came next to the grand, gloomy old Rathaus, but we were so impatient to see Albert Durer's house that we only went into the great courtyard, though as we passed St. Sebald's we stopped to admire the exquisite oriel of the Parsonage, the dwelling-place of Melchior Pfünzing, the poet, who rebuilt the Parsonage at his own cost in the sixteenth century.

The Albert Durer Strasse was full of dirty little ragged urchins, who chaffed and tormented us with offers to show us old houses. We looked through an open doorway on the left, and saw a fine old courtyard, with bits of stone carving here and there. It is now a tobacco factory, and the master asked us to come in and see how splendid the old house had been. We followed him to an inner courtyard, with panelled galleries very finely carved in stone, an angle staircase, and other relics of past splendours, hidden away now in this dirty street. At the top of the street the Durer House (No. 19,) seemed like an old friend, we had seen it so often in photographs; it is now in the possession of a society. We went into the courtyard; on the right is the studio of the great master, only a small room, which in Durer's time looked over the country, but is now close to the walls; then we went upstairs and found the guardian of the place, a weird old gentleman in a broad-leaved hat, who sold us tickets to view the collection, and told us which bits of the old furniture in the rooms had really stood there in Durer's time. It is disappointing to find how many of these quaint old things are



THE MEAT MARKET

apocryphal, but the windows, and the views from the windows, and the portraits round, are most interesting. Upstairs is an interesting collection of photographs from copies of Albert Durer's works. The upper part of the house is inhabited by the custodian, and is not shown. We crossed the grassed moat and a pleasant-looking boulevard, with a picturesque view of the walls and tower, and found ourselves in the "Way of the Cross," leading to St. John's Cemetery, but we had only time to see the Seven Stations carved in stone by Adam Kraft, for the sun had begun to set. Just as we got back to Albert Durer's house the sky was full of rosy light, and the grand old gloomy dwelling stood out in impressive darkness against its background of walls and castle. On

our way down hill we stopped to see the painter's statue in the Durer Platz; it is finely executed, but the face is disappointing. The views from each corner of this Platz are remarkable. As we drew near St. Sebald's its deep bell began to toll, filling the air with splendid sound. There was still light enough to see the exquisite Bride's door of St. Sebald's, and the Schreyer monument, Adam Kraft's masterpiece, outside the church,—an Entombment carved in stone, the faces are most marvellous in expression, and the whole in perfect preservation. Just as we passed the Rathaus a woman was driving a flock of geese to the Market Place, crying out to them, and waving



THE BELLE OF THE MARKET

her long stick, perfectly regardless that she entirely stopped up the road.

There is so much to find out in Nuremberg; there are walks to be taken outside, beside the walls, with charming views of the wide grassed moat filled with fruit trees—in spring time it must be charming. The St. Sebald's side of the city is the most interesting, though when we went down to the Germanic Museum on the south side we found many quaint houses, and the old monasteries which contain the Museum, are very interesting; it is full of precious treasures. Here is the original Holzschuer portrait by Albert Durer, and the exquisite wood-carvings by Veit Stoss and others. There are wonders too in ivory-carving and metal work, old arms, and armour—it is a storehouse of gems.

Perhaps the greatest wonder in this City of Wonders is the shrine of St. Sebald in his beautiful church. Every figure is a study. The small ones below are even more remarkable than those of the Apostles. Within the open bronze-work is the silver case with the bones of the saint, which used to be carried each year on the 19th of August in solemn procession by the patricians; but as this caused many accidents to sick people striving to touch the coffin, in 1507 the worshipful churchwarden of St. Sebald's, Sebald



ALBERT DURER'S HOUSE

Schreyer, immortalised by Adam Kraft's monument, began to collect funds in order to make a saint's shrine for them, and he employed Peter Vischer to execute it. One of its most interesting features is the figure of Vischer in his smith's working apron. He and his four sons were thirteen years in completing their work.

When we drove up the steep ascent to the castle, our driver set us down as a matter of course at the old pentagonal tower, which contains a large collection of instruments of torture, the much-talked-of Iron Virgin, &c., all very horrible. We were far more anxious to see the lime tree planted by Empress Cunigunde in the eleventh century. It stands in the castle court, a venerable ruin, clamped with iron, but still alive; this courtyard is very quaint, and from the balcony on one side we got a magnificent view of the town and the country round about it. Inside, the most interesting part of the castle is the Romanesque Kaiser Kapelle. As we came down the castle hill a woman asked us to come into one of the towers to see the well; the parapet around the well is so high that we had to lean over to see a light which she had lowered, to the bottom—it was really an awful depth below, and made one feel giddy and as glad to get out again, to the fresh air, as we had been when we came out of the five-sided tower which contains the torture chambers.

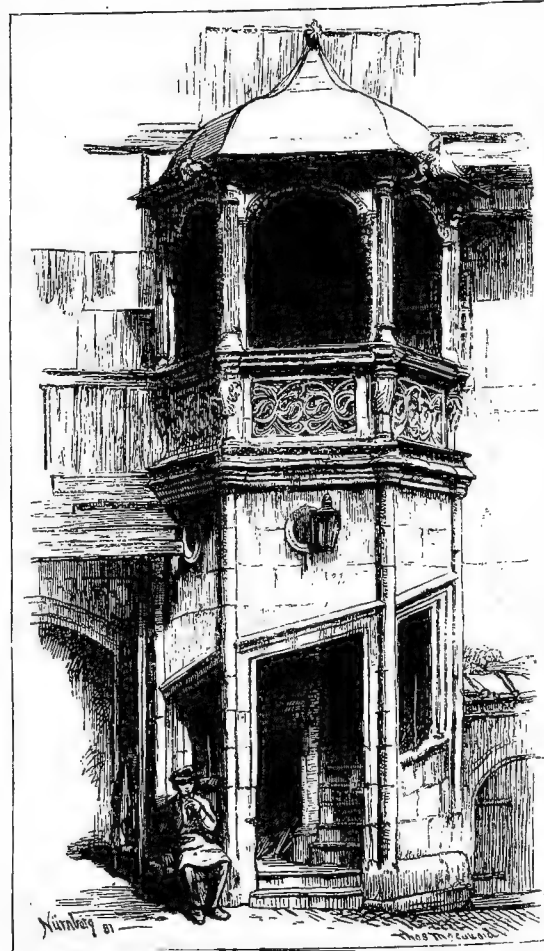
After a week in Nuremberg we decided that its chief interest lies in the old patrician houses. Most of these seem to have been built in the Renaissance period, when Nuremberg was at the height of its prosperity, and in all there is the character which we had already noted at Rothenburg—a spacious entrance courtyard, usually leading to another open one, yet more richly decorated. Along the sides of this run open galleries, supported by pillars, and the stone and wood panelling of these galleries shows a great variety of elaborate sculpture, on one side is a staircase, often in a projecting tower, the carved work ascending in corkscrew fashion.

One of the most interesting of these Hofs is in the Tucher Haus in the Hirschel Gasse, although it is much smaller than many others. We went in through a small covered passage, which seemed as if it would lead to nothing, but soon we saw on the right an arched doorway, and came into a fine square open court. On the right was a massive stone house, with sculptured decorations and a circular tower, in front beyond the tower appeared a curious double-arched doorway, supported by a pillar, these arches being half-screened by



THE CASTLE

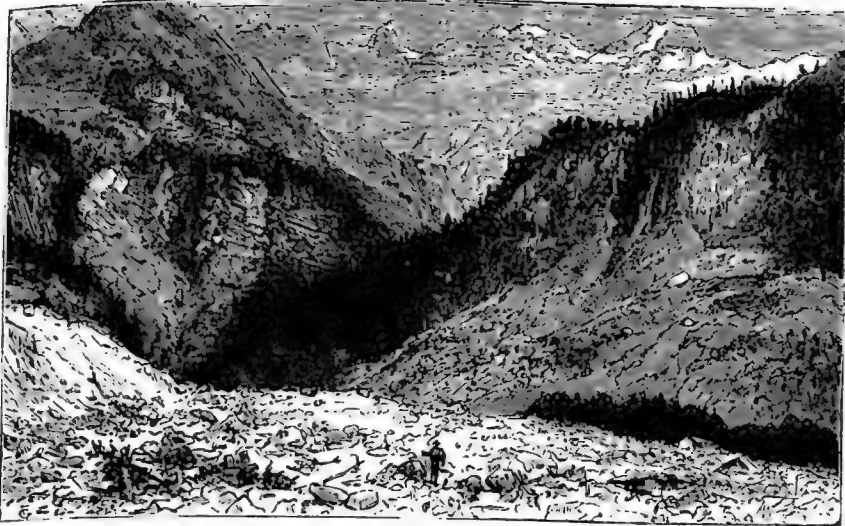
garlands of red-veined Virginia creeper, with bunches of green berries. The stone wall on the left was completely covered with long trails of the creeper, and from within this leafy curtain came the murmur of a hidden fountain. Looking closely we saw that the screen concealed an opening in the wall, with a flight of steps leading to a charming garden above. From this garden, well stocked with fruit-trees, vegetables and flowers, in the very heart of the city, we got an excellent view of the old house, with its sculptured walls and windows covered with fine metal work. On the side by which we had entered were curious half-ruined galleries supported



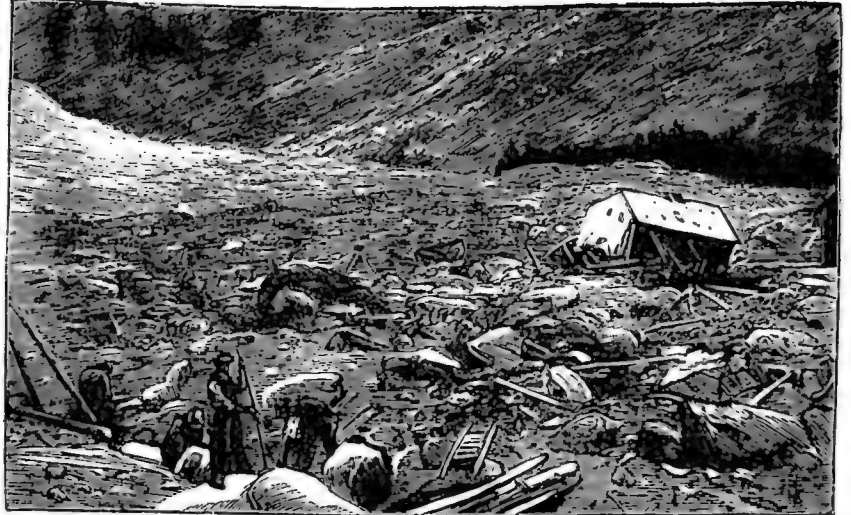
THE STAIRCASE, KUTSCHEN HOF

by wooden piers, one of them being fitted with a series of rabbit-hutches—the whole most picturesque in the afternoon light and shade. But, indeed, from the solemn old Egyptian Platz, with Kraft's wonderful bas-reliefs in the church, and the splendid courtyard of the Peller House to the Germanic Museum, at the opposite side of the city, or to the Cemetery where are laid the chiefs of the great Art-workers of Nuremberg, every street holds something not only beautiful to look at, but full of deep suggestion to modern Art-workers and Art-lovers.

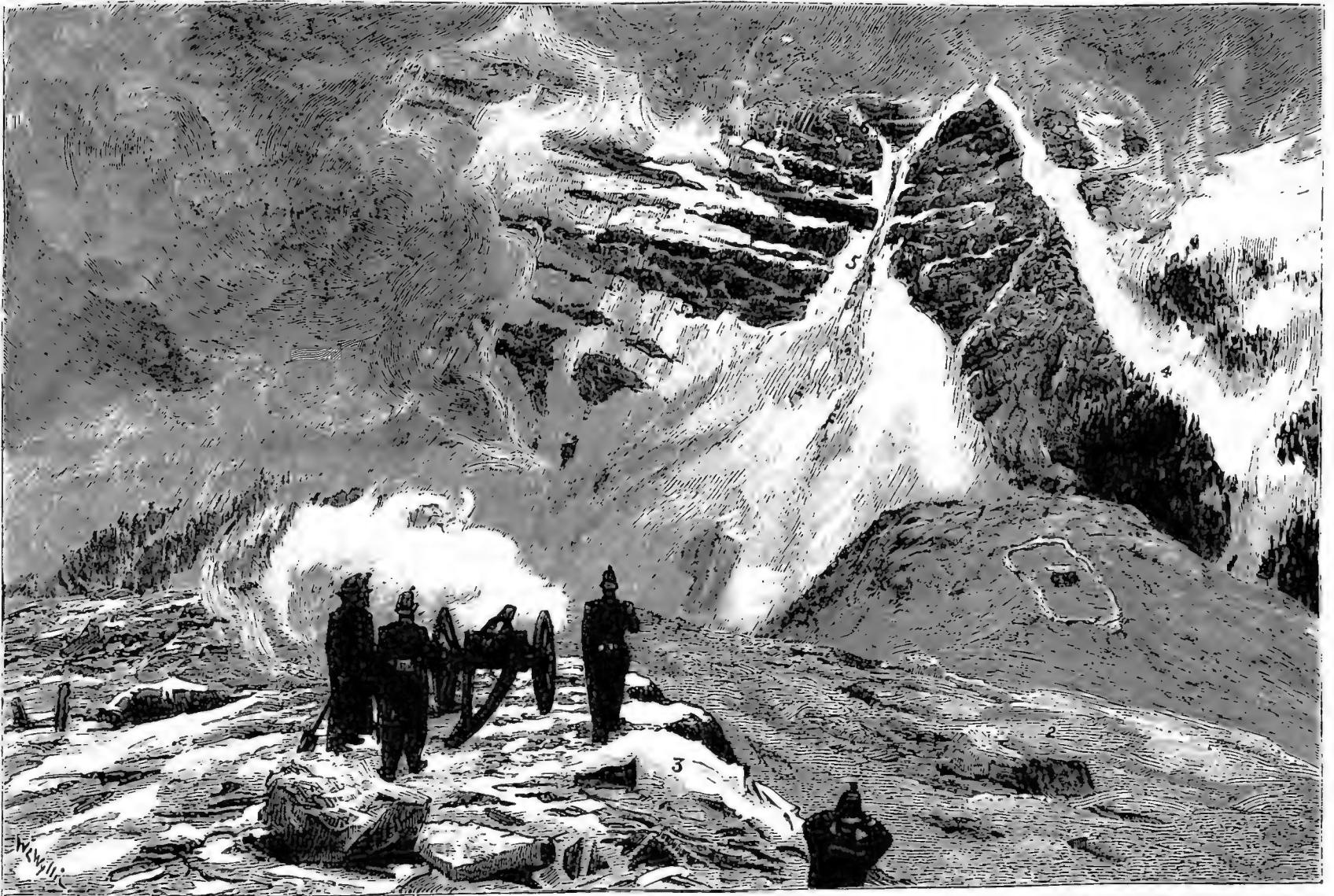
KATHARINE S. MACQUOID



MOUNTAIN-FALL SEEN FROM THE WEST



DEBRIS OF THE RISIKOPF SEEN FROM THE WEST



1. Plattenberg.—2. Débris of Mountain-Fall.—3. Düniberg, Highest Point Reached by Blocks Falling from the Opposite Side of the Valley.—4. Track of the Mountain-Fall, Leading in the Direction of Elm.—5. Eastern Track of the Mountain-Fall.—6. Solid Rock Supporting the Risikopf, and Fissure produced by Artillery Fire.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF THE RISIKOPF



GIGANTIC ROCK AMID THE DÉBRIS



VIEW OF ELM FROM THE NORTH AFTER THE ROCK-AVALANCHE

A PACIFIC SIEGE—BOMBARDMENT OF THE RISIKOPF



THE TERRIBLE CATASTROPHE AT VIENNA.—Politics have been set aside this week by the burning of the Ring Theatre at Vienna, and the loss of over eight hundred lives. The fire broke out on the evening of Thursday week, just as the performance of Offenbach's *Contes de Hoffmann* was about to begin, and is thought to have been due to the igniting of one of the side decorations on the fifth tier. The flames immediately spread to the other scenery, and in a moment the whole was in a blaze, the curtain was blown forward, and the flames rolling beneath were communicated to the house, the audience, composed of above a thousand persons, raising the cry of "Fire!" and rushing panic-stricken to the exits. Then ensued a scene which baffles description. The iron curtain separating the stage from the audience portion of the theatre was not lowered (the fireman states that the machinery was too hot to work), the large water tank on the roof was forgotten, the gas was turned out to avoid an explosion, and the oil lamps, which in Vienna are placed in the theatres to provide light on occasions of this kind, had not been lit, so that but few of the audience could find their way to the exits, which were speedily choked by people falling one over another, and forming a human barricade. Moreover the special exits provided in case of fire were locked, while the attendants who had the keys in their pockets were not to be found, and were far too panic-stricken for their own safety to do their duty. No one either had thought of using the telegraphic fire-alarm with which the theatre was fitted, nor indeed was a similar instrument in a hotel next door utilised, so that there was a longer delay than needful in the arrival of the fire engines, some ten minutes after the alarm was given. When they did arrive the interior was one mass of smoke and flame, and finding this, and that the stream of people from the exit had ceased, the fire and police authorities came to the conclusion that the theatre was empty, and that the audience had escaped. A few people jumped into the fire-sheet from an outside balcony and were saved; but their statements that the theatre was still full were completely discredited, and they themselves treated as delirious, and threatened with condign punishment if they did not hold their tongues. That, the presence of eight hundred persons in a building should have thus been wholly unknown to those outside is almost incredible. When too late, however, the truth was discovered, and an attempt made to enter the theatre; but all efforts were then fruitless, and the most that could be done was to carry out the dead bodies found heaped in the entrances and against the closed doors.

As may be imagined, the greatest excitement has prevailed in Vienna in all circles. The first thought was to raise a fund for the widows and orphans, the Emperor at once headed the list with 1,000, and the Reichstag voted 5,000, without deliberation. The second was to institute a strict inquiry into the affair, and to ascertain who was to blame for the catastrophe. The most heartrending scenes took place during the identification of the killed, many of the bodies being utterly unrecognisable, while for some days the smouldering fire prevented hundreds of those lying in the ruins from being reached. On Monday began the burial of the victims under the auspices of the Common Council. There was a solemn Mass in the Cathedral, performed by the Prime Archbishop, at the close of which the bells of every church in the town tolled a funeral knell. The great cemetery was crowded with thousands of people, and before a huge catafalque were placed 142 coffins, the remains of those whose relations could not well afford the expense of a funeral. Addresses were given by Roman Catholic, Protestant, Greek, and Jewish pastors, who also performed the last ceremonies according to their several rituals. The Crown Prince and the Archdukes were present at the Cathedral service, and the utmost sympathy was expressed on all sides for the relatives of the victims. This, indeed, was mingled with considerable indignation at the conduct of the police, and as it was rumoured that a hostile popular demonstration had been organised, stringent military precautions were taken, and the troops confined to barracks, and supplied with ball cartridge—the knowledge of which fact has not lessened the public excitement. An exact estimate of the number of victims has hardly been yet ascertained, as some names have been entered twice over, and persons written down as missing have since put in an appearance. The work of finding and removing the bodies also was a task of great difficulty, owing to the length of time that the fire smouldered and the tottering condition of the surrounding walls. The number, as we are going to press, is stated to be 805. Two separate inquiries are being made into the cause of the calamity, one by the police, and the other by the Tribunal for Criminal Offences.

FRANCE.—M. Gambetta has had a very busy and not altogether a comfortable time of it with the Chamber and the Senate during the past few days. One great drawback of his Ministry of Subordinates is that he has to jump up at every moment and answer attacks upon one and all of the various departments, save, perhaps, that of M. Paul Bert, who is perfectly able to take care of himself. Like most men who have won their spurs in Opposition, M. Gambetta does not show to equal advantage when acting on the defensive, but nevertheless he has made a very fair fight taking all things into consideration. His most dangerous critic has been a hitherto not very well known man, M. Ribot—all the more dangerous because he is a Moderate and not a Radical Republican, and who in a calm quiet speech took M. Gambetta severely to task for having created two new Ministries (Agriculture and Art) without the previous sanction of the Chamber. He was enthusiastically cheered, and was even complimented by M. Gambetta himself, who made a comparatively lame defence, which was very coolly received. The Chamber, however, sanctioned his proceedings after a division. M. Gambetta was much more happy on Saturday in the Senate when combatting his old adversary the Duc de Broglie, who, after referring to the threatened existence of the Senate, attacked him upon the Tunis Expedition. M. Gambetta, however, took the opportunity of declaring how necessary he thought the existence of the Senate, and denied any sympathy with the "inconsiderate and exaggerated attacks" of which that august body had been the victims, and then passing on to the Tunisian affair, postponed answering the main question of what he intended ultimately to do with the Regency until February. Replying to the Duke's question why he did not deal with Tunis as Mr. Gladstone acted with the Transvaal, he turned the tables upon his opponent by stating that the Transvaal and Bardo Treaties were almost identical. After a passage of arms about the now historical events of 1877, M. Gambetta on Monday was set upon by M. Kerdrel, who blamed the military conduct of the Expedition. This the Premier once again warmly defended, and so eulogised the leaders that Marshal Canrobert jumped up and declared that had Bugeaud, Lamoricière, or Cavaignac heard the statement that an "expedition had never been better conducted" they would have energetically protested. With great tact M. Gambetta declared he wished to draw no comparisons, and that the old troops of such generals did not need such a wealth of material precautions as had been taken in this case. They stood privations and fatigue much better. Notwithstanding all this criticism, however, the credits demanded were duly voted. The Tunis Expedition has also absorbed judicial circles—the trial of M. Rochefort for libelling M. Roustan in the *Intransigent* having

begun. The ex-editor of the *Lanterne* had styled the Expedition "Robbery complicated by Assassination," and had accused both M. Roustan and M. Gambetta of gambling in Tunisian bonds, by which they were to pocket 4,000,000, exclaiming, "That is why 50,000 of our soldiers have gone yonder to die of famine and starvation." M. de Billing was the first witness examined, and charged M. Roustan with various "coups de Bourse," and with having dealings with an M. Elias Massali, who was dismissed from the Bey's service for dishonesty, and who has since been made Commander of the Legion of Honour, and with a M. Volpera, who had been accused of coining. These assertions were denied by M. Roustan, but repeated by various other witnesses for the defence. For the other side appeared M. Barthélémy St. Hilaire, who declared that M. Roustan was a zealous upright man, and that he utterly disbelieved the accusations made against him. On Wednesday, also, M. Waddington and other prominent witnesses appeared and testified to the same effect. M. de Billing was recalled, and repeated his assertion, declaring also that he himself had been sent on a confidential mission to Italy and Tunis—a statement denied by M. St. Hilaire. M. de Billing was also called a liar by M. Roustan and by M. Desfosses, whose articles in the *République Française* were the basis upon which M. Rochefort had founded his imputations upon M. Gambetta.—There is little other political news, save that M. Paul Bert has shown his determination to enforce the terms of the Concordat by writing to those Bishops who have attended the recent canonisation at Rome, reminding them that they have no right to absent themselves from their dioceses without having first obtained the authorisation of the Government.

In PARIS the chief event has been the election to the Académie of M. Sully Prudhomme, M. Pasteur, and M. Cherbuliez to the *fauteuils* vacant by the death of MM. Duvergier de Hauranne, Littré, and Dufaure.—In theatrical circles there have been two noteworthy first representations—a spectacular piece, the *Arabian Nights*, at the Chatelet, and a *Grande Révue* at the Variétés.

AFFAIRS IN THE EAST.—There is nothing fresh in the Austro-Romanian difficulty, and though the new Austrian Minister for Foreign Affairs, Count Kalnoky, has returned to Vienna, he has as yet taken no official steps with regard to the recent utterances in the King of Roumania's speech. A more pacific policy prevails, as it is thought that King Charles' show of temper was intended merely to force the subject upon the attention of all Europe. In Roumania itself, great delight is shown at the King's outspokenness, and the draft of the Address in reply declares that "the representatives of the country have heard with joy your Majesty's assurances. . . . The Chamber promises to give the Government its whole support in order to secure the liberty of the Danube, and the sovereign rights of Roumania from all encroachments."

In CONSTANTINOPLE the Financial Commission have come to a final agreement with the Porte, and the complete draft of the proposed decree has been accepted. Much disappointment was expressed, however, at Mr. Bourke's declaration that he could only recommend it for acceptance to the bondholders whom he represents, as he was merely their delegate, and not authorised as the other Commissioners to accept the *Irade* without reserve. He telegraphed subsequently to London, and the bondholders replying that they would accept the arrangement, the matter will now probably be satisfactorily settled.—The Sultan has received a letter from the German Emperor thanking him for having conferred the Order of the Nichani-Imtiaz upon him, and hoping that the expression of good-will "might inaugurate a lasting and sincere friendship between Germany and the Porte."

INDIA AND AFGHANISTAN.—There are various rumours prevalent about the condition of Herat, the worthy citizens of which are stated to regard the Governor *de facto*, Sirdar Abdul Kudus Khan, with considerable distrust, as he promised that no Cabuli troops should enter the city, and in the mean time three of the Ameer's regiments have arrived there. Then there is Yussuf Khan, whom the Ameer has appointed Governor, but who has not ventured to assume his right to that dignity, and has halted halfway between Candahar and Herat; while, as we said last week, Ishak-Khan is on the look out for Herat for his brother. Meanwhile the Ameer has gone to Cabul, having deported to India all the disaffected Candahari Sirdars and their families.

The annoyance at the proposed re-introduction of the income-tax to compensate for the abolition of the import duties is increasing. The general belief—the correspondent of *The Times* tells us—is that the measure has been forced upon the Indian Government by the Secretary of State in the interests of Manchester, and public opinion is almost, if not quite, unanimous in condemning the scheme. Most of the papers have raised their voices in strong protest, and some of them are urging a popular agitation against what they describe as an iniquitous tax.

UNITED STATES.—The trial of Guiteau continues with the same outrageous conduct on the part of the prisoner, and the same patience displayed by the Court. Several witnesses have been called to testify to his sanity. Public opinion is greatly excited against him owing to his disgraceful bearing throughout the trial.

Publication has been made of the much-talked-of correspondence between Mr. Blaine and the Ministers to Chili and Peru respecting the desire of the United States to act as mediator, and the objections which would be entertained to any European mediation. The first letters were written under General Garfield's rule, and were certainly tinged with more of the Monroe Doctrine, and the instructions given were in a more dictatorial spirit than the letters written since the accession of President Arthur. In these last Mr. Hurlbut, the Minister to Chili, is warmly rebuked for exceeding the instructions to "offer mediation" conveyed in the previous letters, for telling the Chilean Commander that any annexation of territory was in opposition to "principles of right," and is told that the United States is not seeking alliances to support a hostile demonstration against Chili. At the same time he is ordered to continue to recognise the Government of the Peruvian President Calderon, who it may be remembered has been summarily deposed by the Chilean Commander, General Lynch. He is also informed of the despatch of a special mission, under the charge of Messrs. Trescott and Walter Blaine, to exercise the good offices of mediation. There is little doubt that both General Kilpatrick in Peru and Mr. Hurlbut in Chili blundered from *trop de zèle à la Roustan*.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In ITALY the canonisation of the four new saints took place in St. Peter's, Rome, with great ceremony last week. The Pope is said to have looked very haggard and ill, as he was carried in his chair "like a corpse," remarked some of the French pilgrims.—In GERMANY it is confidently stated that Prince Bismarck is about to begin negotiations with Great Britain for the cession of Heligoland.—In RUSSIA the trial has taken place of the three officials charged with neglect of duty in not discovering the mine in Little Garden Street. They are sentenced to exile in Archangel for three years.



THE Queen has been entertaining various members of the Royal Family at Windsor. At the end of last week the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, and the Princess Frederica of Hanover and Baron von Pawel Rammingen, dined and slept at the Castle,

leaving on Saturday morning, when Prince Leopold went up to town for the day. Her Majesty, Princess Beatrice, and Prince Leopold attended Divine Service in the private chapel on Sunday morning, when Archdeacon Blunt preached, and in the afternoon Princess Christian visited the Queen, while Prince Leopold left the Castle, and the Duke and Duchess of Teck arrived on a visit, and dined with Her Majesty. The Duke and Duchess left on Monday, and in the evening Sir P. Cunliffe Owen and Captain and Mrs. Edwards joined the Royal party at dinner. On Tuesday the Queen and Princess Beatrice visited St. George's Chapel, the Dean of Windsor acting as escort, and in the forenoon the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne arrived. In the evening the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, and the Duke of Connaught arrived. Wednesday being the twentieth anniversary of the death of the Prince Consort, and the third of that of the Princess Alice, the Queen and the other members of the Royal Family attended the customary memorial services at the Frogmore Mausoleum, which was subsequently left open for the Royal Household to visit, and in the afternoon the Prince and Princess of Wales returned to London. Her Majesty and the Princess Beatrice leave for Osborne on Monday to spend Christmas, and will stay about six weeks in the Isle of Wight.

The Prince and Princess of Wales concluded their visit to the Marquis and Marchioness of Bath at Longleat House on Saturday, and came up to town, where they were joined by their daughters. During their Longleat visit the Prince had excellent sport in the preserves, while the Princess drove with the Marchioness, and visited Frome and the Cottage Hospital at Warminster, and a large county ball closed the festivities. The Prince and Princess attended Divine Service on Sunday, and on Monday night went to the Court Theatre. On Tuesday they visited the ex-Empress Eugénie, and the Prince spoke at a meeting in the Westminster Chapter House, respecting a memorial to Dean Stanley, while later the Prince and Princess left on a visit to the Queen. They will spend Christmas at Sandringham. The Prince and Princess will attend the formal opening of the Princess Helena College at Ealing next July.

The Duke of Edinburgh, Prince Leopold, and Prince Christian have visited Manchester this week.—The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh will visit Pembroke Dock in March, when the Duchess will launch the large new ironclad, *Majestic*.—The Princess Louise goes to the South of France on January 4 for the benefit of her health. The Marquis will escort her, but will return to England in time to leave for Canada on the 10th prox.—To-day (Saturday), Prince Leopold will lay the foundation-stone of the new buildings of the Princess Helena College at Ealing, and on Monday goes to stay with Mr. and Mrs. Coleridge Kennard at West Park, Wilts. He will preside at the anniversary festival of the Caledonian Asylum on February 23rd.

The ex-Empress Eugénie is much better, and can move about the house, but has not yet been permitted to go out.



THE DEAN STANLEY MEMORIAL.—At the great meeting in the Chapter House, Westminster, on Tuesday, under the presidency of the new Dean, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, in proposing the first resolution, "That the genius, character, and public services of the late Dean of Westminster eminently entitle him to a national memorial," spoke feelingly of the affectionate friendship entertained for him by the Queen and the Royal Family, and of his own recollection of the charm of his companionship and the value of his instruction whilst they were together at Oxford and travelling in the East. He also referred to his world-wide reputation as a scholar, a man of letters, a philanthropist, and above all to his great sympathy, which made him the friend of all classes, high and low, rich and poor. Earl Granville eulogised the Dean's cosmopolitan character, his genius, his public labours, his toleration and charity, and his intense sympathy with humanity in every aspect; the Hon. J. Russell Lowell expressed a hope that the American people would be allowed to contribute to the memorial; and the Archbishop of Canterbury dwelt mainly on the domestic virtues of the late Dean. The other speakers were Lord Salisbury, Mr. S. Morley, M.P., the Marquis of Lorne, Lord Coleridge, and Mr. Gardiner, a member of the Working Men's Club and Institute Union, of which the late Dean was President. The resolutions were all passed unanimously, and a large General Committee, with the Prince of Wales as Chairman, was appointed to receive contributions and to carry out the project, any surplus to go to the Westminster Home for Training Nurses, which was founded by Lady Augusta Stanley.

ENGLAND AND THE VATICAN.—On Tuesday, at a *conversazione* held at the Manchester Catholic Club, Dr. Vaughan, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Salford, delivered an address on "The Relations between the Holy See and the Government of this Country." He said that the reports recently circulated on the subject were deceptive and erroneous. Mr. Errington was in Rome, but he had, strictly speaking, no mission from the English Government, still less was he the Diplomatic Agent or the accredited Minister of the Crown at the Vatican. He held what was called a letter of confidence, so that he might be a medium of communication between the Government and the Holy See, without, however, any regular official position and without salary. The friends in this country of King Humbert and of United Italy need be under no alarm. The Italian Government considered that the establishment by England of diplomatic relations with the Holy See, so far from being injurious to Italy, would be in perfect accordance with its own law of guarantees, and the tendency of such relations would be to diminish rather than intensify the difficulties existing between the Quirinal and the Vatican. Dr. Vaughan thought that for England to decline to resume diplomatic relations with the Vatican would be to adopt a narrow and insular view of the interests of the Empire, and to reject the use and aid of one of the principal of those moral agencies and influences which formed the main safeguard for peace and security.

THE RITUALISTS AND THE BISHOP OF MANCHESTER.—The Church of England Working Men's Society on Monday unanimously adopted resolutions deprecating Dr. Fraser's recent "attempt to enforce a one-sided standard of ritual upon one section of his clergy while making no attempt to interfere with others who, without doubt, err on the side of laxity in obeying the Prayer Book;" and declaring that while "they would gladly welcome any *bona fide* endeavour on the part of our spiritual rulers to restore to the Church her properly constituted Ancient Synods, they cannot recognise the (so-called) 'Synod' held in Manchester Cathedral, as having any claim to the obedience of the clergy who were allowed no share in its composition, other than as mere listeners of the Bishop's admonitions."

THE NEW DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.—Dr. Bradley was on Saturday presented with a testimonial, consisting of a handsome silver dessert service, subscribed for by the past and present members of University College, Oxford, from the Mastership of which he retired on his appointment to the Deanery of Westminster. The ceremony took place in the ancient hall of the College.



PASTIMES

THU. FRI. SAT. SUN. MON. TUE. WED.

THU.	FRI.	SAT.	SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.
W. Fine to Cloudy & B. Clear	Rainy & V. Stormy	Foggy & Cloudy Snow	Fine to B. & Clear	V. Dull & Rainy	V. Foggy	Foggy to Rain to Rain
0.02	0.15	0.16	0.04	0.16	0.01	0.03
7	0	✓	↘ to ↗	↘	0	0 to 1

REMARKS.—During the greater part of this period the weather has been influenced in a very disagreeable manner by two or three shallow depressions, which have hovered about for several days. The early part of Thursday (8th inst.) was fine, but in the latter part of the day the first of the disturbances made its appearance over South Wales, from which district it slowly advanced towards the neighbourhood of London. Its approach, as is usual with these systems, was attended by several hours' steady rain, and on its passing away over the North Sea the weather, instead of clearing at all, remained very dull and gloomy. This condition was caused by the formation of a second depression over France, and, as the new disturbance increased in intensity, a north-easterly wind set in in London, with snow during the early hours of Saturday morning (10th inst.). The second disturbance seems to have travelled northward, but its progress was so very slow, and its movements so irregular, that, although the sky cleared for a time on Sunday morning (11th inst.), it soon became dull and damp again, with more rain on Monday (12th inst.). By Tuesday (13th inst.), however, the depression had entirely disappeared, and in its place a high pressure was formed over England, with thick fog over the greater part of the country. On Wednesday (14th inst.) the fog cleared, and the weather became temporarily fine, but at night rain began to fall again. Temperature has been lower than of late, but not low for the time of year. The barometer was highest (30·36 inches) on Tuesday (13th inst.); lowest (29·58 inches) on Friday (9th inst.); range, 0·78 inches. Temperature was highest (46°) on Thursday (8th inst.); lowest (28°) on Wednesday (14th inst.); range, 18°. Rain or snow fell on seven days. Total amount, 0·57 inches. Greatest fall on any one day (0·16 inches) on Saturday (10th inst.) and Monday (12th inst.).



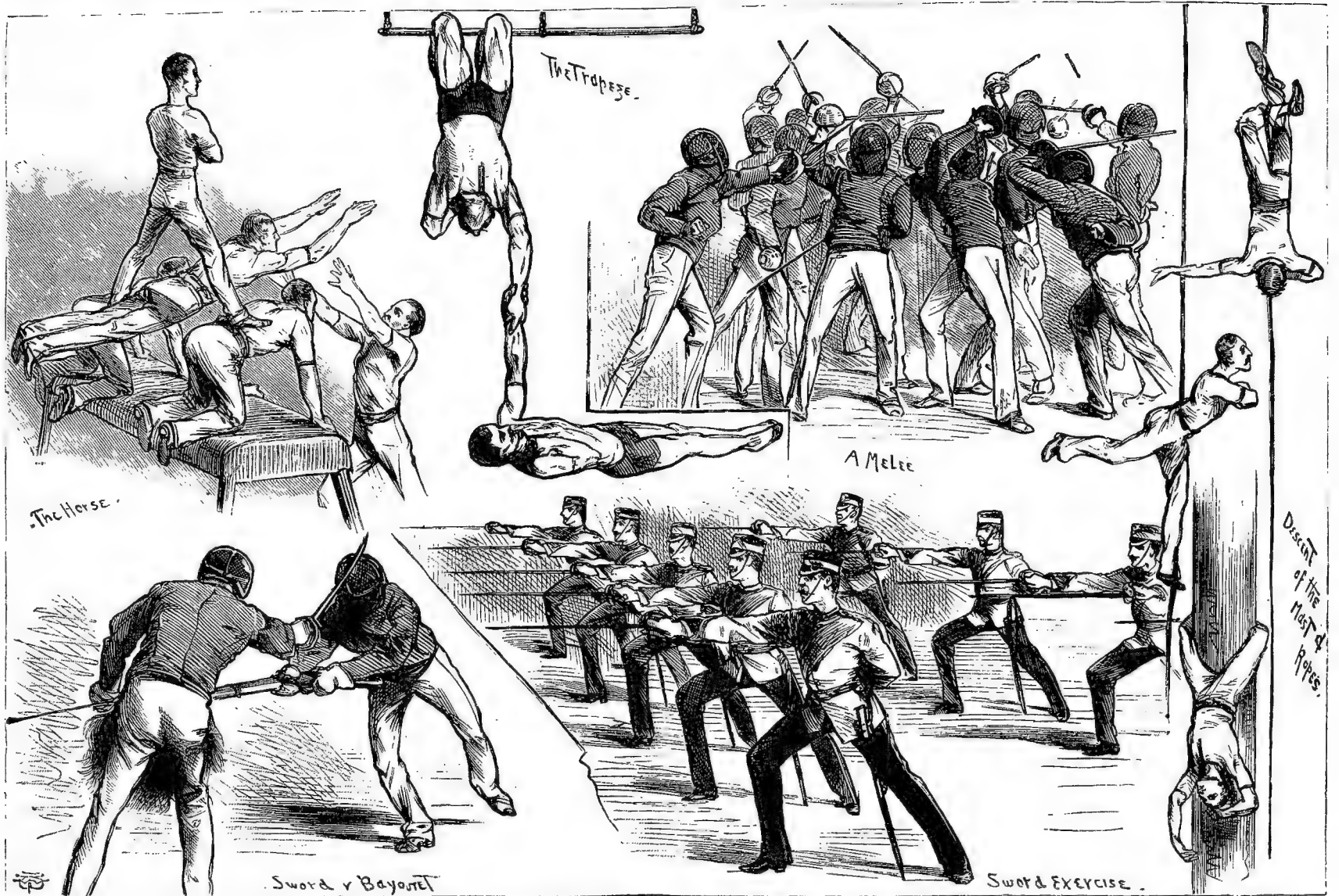
DR. DAVID LAWSON
Decorated with the Albert Medal for Gallantry in Saving Life



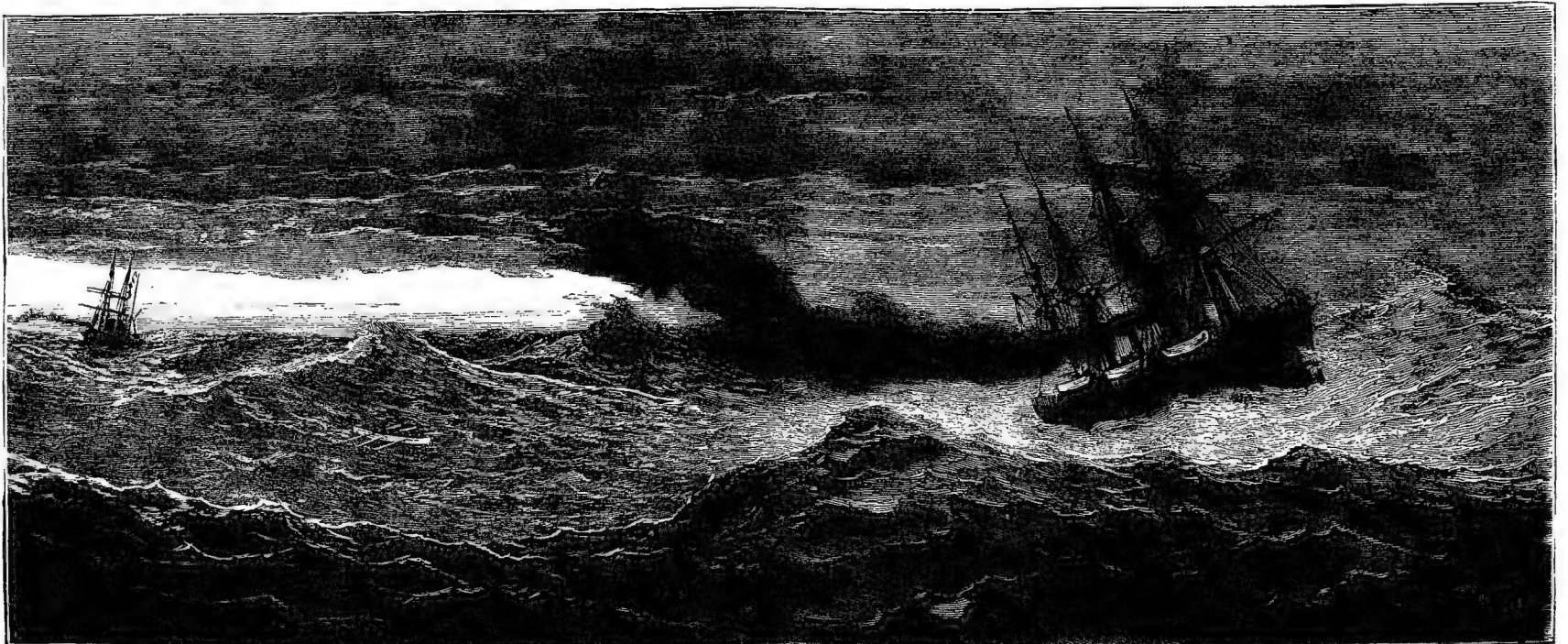
SIR GEORGE CHRISTOPHER MOLESWORTH BIRDWOOD, M.D., C.S.I.
Special Assistant in the Revenue Statistics and Commerce Department
of the India Office



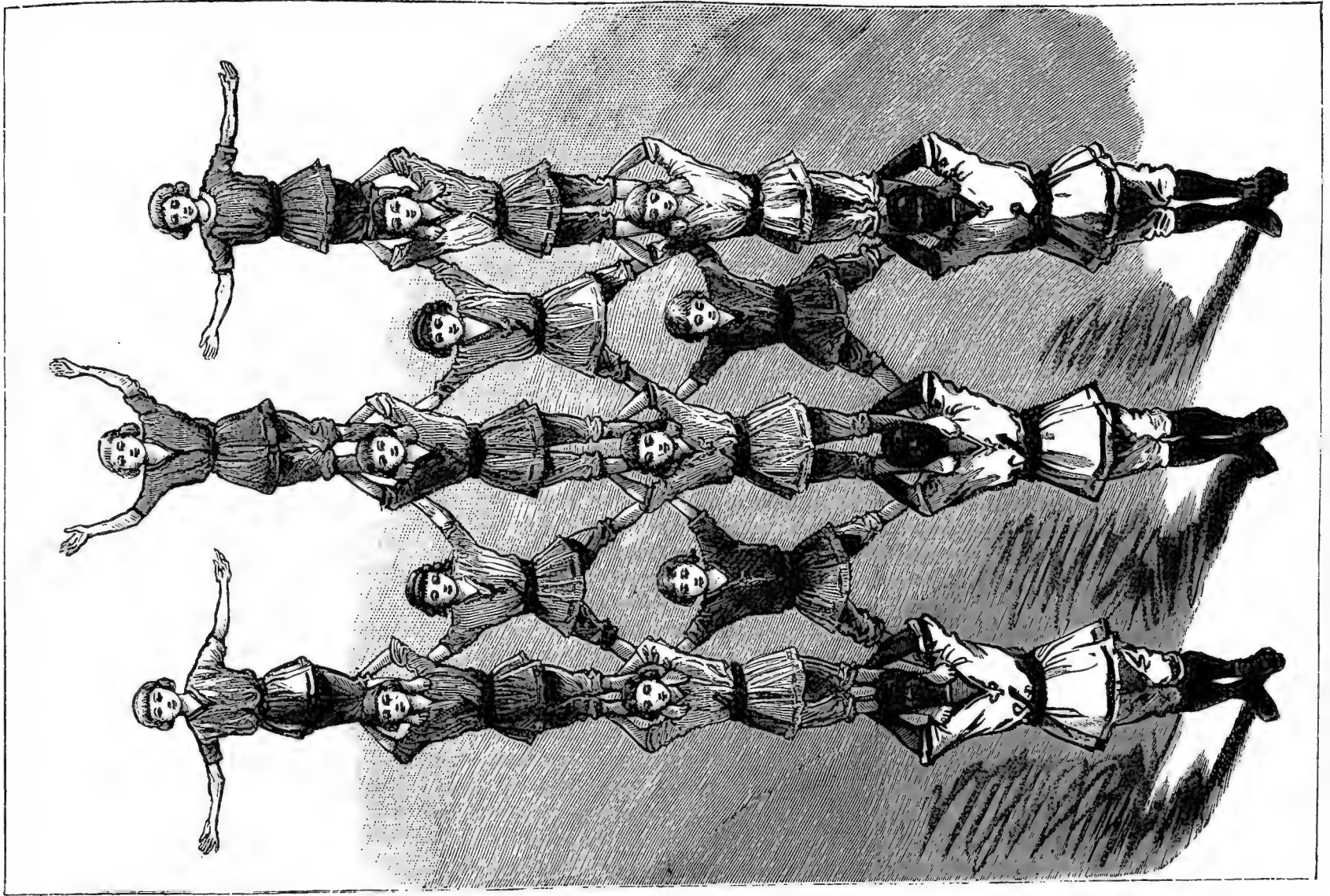
REV. J. W. ADAMS, V.C.
Decorated with the Victoria Cross for Saving Life During the Afghan War



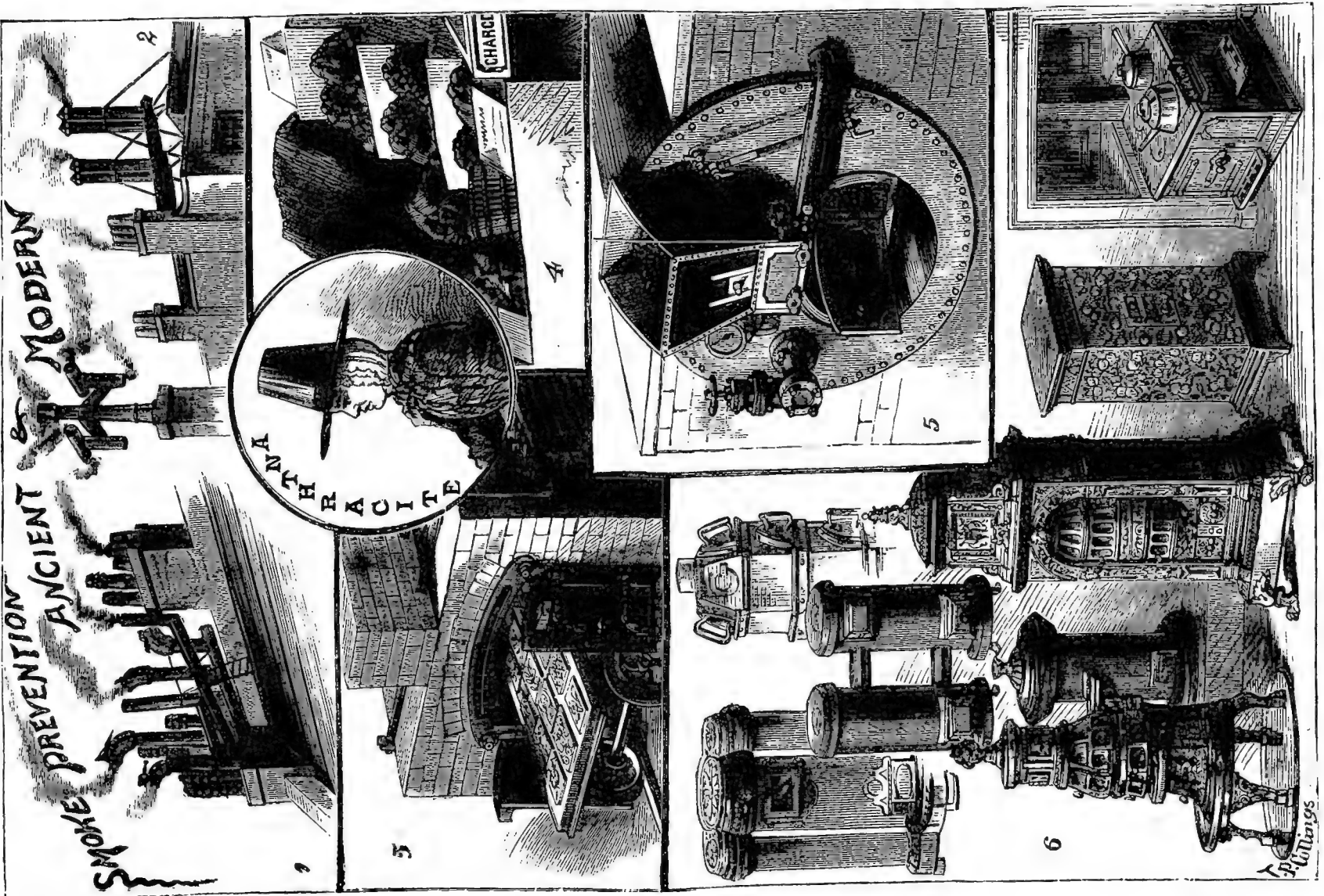
MILITARY ATHLETICS AT SANDHURST COLLEGE



A RESCUE IN MID-ATLANTIC — THE BOAT OF THE WHITE STAR S.S. "GERMANIC" SAVING THE CREW OF THE S.S. "HARWORTH"

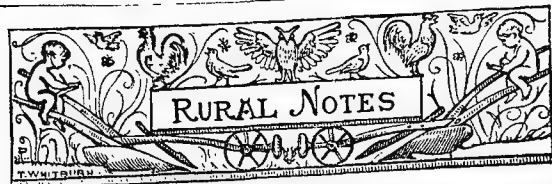


ENGLISH BOYS RESCUED FROM SLAVERY—THE BENI ZOUG-ZOUG TROUPE OF ACROBATS
FROM A SKETCH TAKEN AT CONSTANTINOPLE



1. Chimneys: "The Foreign Office."—2. Chimneys, "Piccadilly."—3. Gas Kiln for Stained Glass, &c.—4. Samples of Fuel.—5. Mechanical Stoker.—6. Some Stoves.

THE INTERNATIONAL SMOKE ABATEMENT EXHIBITION AT SOUTH KENSINGTON



A TENANT FARMER ON RURAL EDUCATION.—A tenant farmer's view of the education question in agricultural districts is to be gathered from the evidence before the Royal Commission on Agriculture of Mr. John Robinson of Sandwich. This farmer, who holds 785 acres under Earl Cowper, made strong complaint that the children of agricultural labourers came out of the Board Schools as children of agricultural labourers, and the middle severe competitors against the children of farmers and the middle towns after the country has paid for their training. "Compulsory" Mr. Robinson "thought agriculture should certainly be, but compulsion should end at the three R's." Children, if their parents wished it, might stay on to learn "all that is necessary to fit them for what I call the highest place on a farm." On the whole, he expressed a decided opinion that the children of the labourers were being taught too much. Mr. Robinson stated that he was Chairman in his district of the School Attendance Committee.

A MAN OF LIGHT AND LEADING to the agricultural world is Mr. Lawes, whose agricultural experiments have for many years past been a public service and a national benefit. Mr. Lawes is after all a farmer, and proud of the name. But he is a very prince of farmers, and has just set aside 100,000*l.* to ensure the continuation of agricultural experiments after his own skilled judgment has ceased to be at his countrymen's disposal.

THE STAFFORDSHIRE CHAMBER OF AGRICULTURE have resolved: 1. That no arrangement can be deemed a satisfactory settlement of local taxation which does not so amend the basis of assessment as to make all classes of income bear a fair proportion of local burdens; 2. That there is an absolute necessity for maintaining present stringent regulations restricting importation of foreign animals from infected countries; 3. That there is need for increased stringency in local regulations in case of the existence of infectious diseases in animals.

RAINFALL.—The rainfall in November at Harpenden in

Hertford was 3'47 inches, or 351 tons per acre. Rain fell on twenty-two days out of the thirty. The 26th was a very wet day, '713 of an inch falling. At Hillington, in Norfolk, the rainfall was only 2'40 inches, the wettest days being the 24th, 25th, and 26th. In these seventy-two hours 1'23 inch fell.

MR. BIDDLE ON THE MALT TAX.—Speaking at Lowestoft the other day Mr. Biddle said the repeal of the malt tax was no repeal at all. Mr. Gladstone had simply given it another name, and collected it from another place. It was not beneficial to the agricultural world, and he believed it was founded on considerable injustice, as Messrs. Barclay and Perkins only had to pay one shilling, whereas poor labourers had to pay six shillings for brewing. He hoped and trusted this anomaly would soon be altered.

THE SEASON.—Since September, the elements, erst so hostile, have become more favourable to the farmer. Autumn has aided him actively, even winter seems to promise a benevolent neutrality. Although the Scotch farmers have been complaining that "the grass is too green," the absence of hard frost and of excessive rainfall have helped on the season at a wonderfully light expense of extra fodder. Stack yards not unfrequently hold their summer supply of hay in scarcely diminished bulk. It is a current maxim with old-world farmers that it is a good winter when Candlemas is reached and half their store of hay and straw remains unconsumed. The wheat plant maintains the strong and healthy appearance which we recently commented upon. There was on early sown fields somewhat too great a tendency to "spiring" in the young blade, but the air has been sharper since the 9th, and this has accordingly been checked. We regret to find that the number of inferior samples of wheat, barley, and oats on the country exchanges is large both proportionately and actually. A large number of barley samples have a musty smell, and, although oats are not so bad, they fetch very low prices. At Malton the average is 16*s.* 8*d.*; in the Eastern Counties under a sovereign. An increasing demand for meat is farmers' one set-off.

TRAMPS.—The parish of Hawarden appears to be acquiring a very bad local reputation. Last year there was much distress in the winter in various parts of Cheshire, but nowhere was there such striking destitution as in Hawarden, to relieve which aid had to be sought beyond the parish. Now we hear of an equally unfortunate fame for pre-eminence in the return of tramps. The Hawarden Union was infested by 36 tramps in the year 1857. By 1867 the number had risen to 297, by 1877 to 586. In 1880 the truly astounding

number of 1,396 was reached, and in the present year 1,685 have already been entered as vagrants. These figures point either to an appalling state of destitution, or else to an appalling state of idleness and vagabondage among the agricultural labourer class. It is high time either that the destitution was provided for or the vagabondage put down. The comfort, nay, more, the security of country life depend very largely on the suppression of the tramp, who is a terror in the lonely lanes, and who keeps a dozen farm-houses in one parish in a state of nocturnal siege in view of his petty larcenies and cadging thefts.

"IMPROVEMENTS."—There are already indications that the Philistines will be upon us next Parliamentary Session; let us hope that lovers of the picturesque and the beautiful will have a Samson's strength to resist them. We have already referred to proposals to make a railway to Bude, and another railway through Epping Forest; we now hear of a proposal of the Great Northern Railway to take six acres out of Hadley Wood. This wood is one of the few beautiful pieces of wild forest within half-an-hour of London to the north. It is the delight of the town of Barnet, the resort in summer of thousands of the better sort of holiday makers from London. Besides this, with the addition yearly to London's population of some eighty thousand souls, the need of keeping the natural pleasures of woodland and country which already exist within a given radius is yearly increased and emphasised. We have also to protest against the design of another Railway Company which is seeking powers to lay down tramways along country roads. Not only does such a request appear to exceed the due purposes of an ordinary railway company, but the rights of carriage, chaise, and cart owners and of equestrians are surely of some consequence in the rural districts, even if they must give way to the hateful tramway rails in the towns.

RENT REMISSIONS.—Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, Bart., of Gairloch, Ross-shire, has given his tenants an abatement of 15 per cent. Other recent remissions have been the Earl of Breadalbane, 10 per cent., Earl Manvers 25 per cent., Lord Riddesdale 10 per cent., the Earl of Harrington 15 per cent., the Earl of Redesdale 10 per cent., Lord Carlisle 10 per cent., the Earl of Airlie 10 per cent., Mr. R. C. Naylor 10 per cent., and Mrs. Home, of Bassendean, 15 per cent.

THE SMITHFIELD SHOW was very successful, though the fog which prevailed on the last day was very bad for the live stock. The attendance was 125,000 on the five days of the Show, a number surpassing any previous return.

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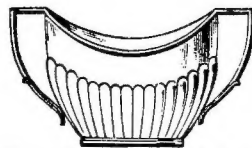
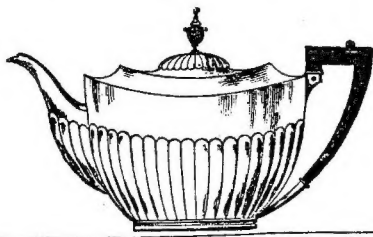
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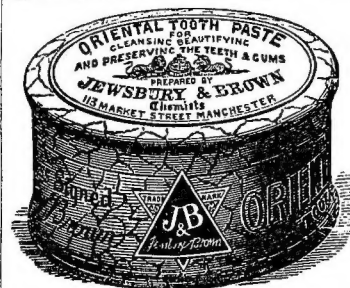
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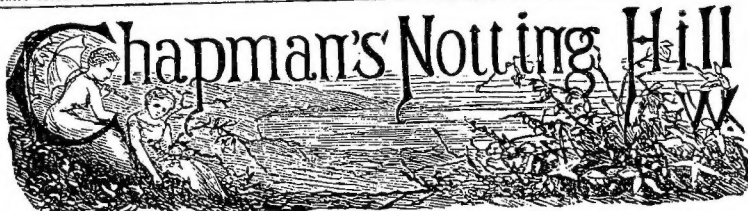
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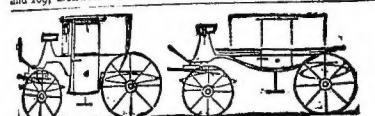
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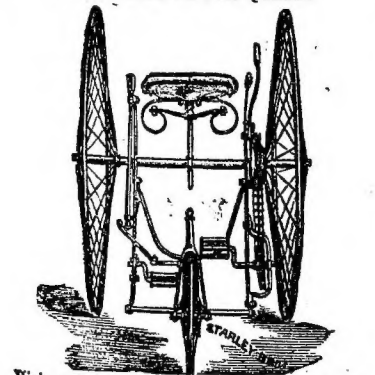
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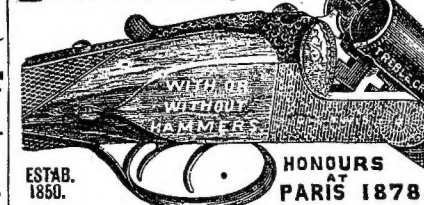
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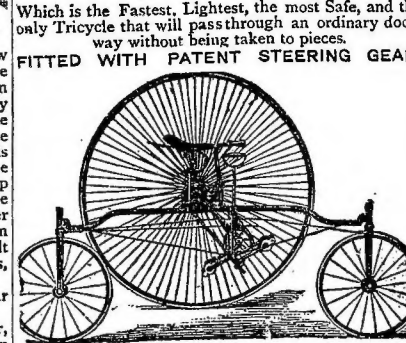
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THE WANT of a THOROUGH GOOD MAGIC LANTERN with First-Class Slides (not dabs) suitable for Presents, has long been felt, and we believe that we have adequately met the demand by our sets of

BIJOU LANTERNS & SLIDES.

These we offer at this special season at a remarkably low price, relying on an enormous sale to repay us. Every article throughout is of the very best make and finish.

No. 1 set comprises Best English Magic Lantern, brass front slide holder, rackwork, lamp, and silvered reflector, set of 6-inch Bijou slides, 36 comic figures, landscapes and tales, 2 comic moving slides, 1 moving lever slide, 2 slides for Chinese fireworks, and 2 moving panorama slides. Price, all complete, 10s. 6d. Shows a 3-ft. diameter picture on the Screen. No. 2 contains a similar assortment of slides to the above, only in a larger size and with a No. 2 Magic Lantern. Price, complete, 14s. 6d. Shows a 4-ft. picture on the Screen. No. 3.—Largest size made in the Bijou sets. Very suitable for a Special Present. Price 21s. Shows a 5-ft. picture on the Screen.

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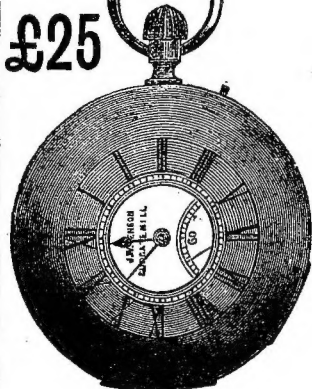
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Soft, lustrous, and not liable to grease or cut. Suitable for wear in or out of mourning. —*Court Circular*.
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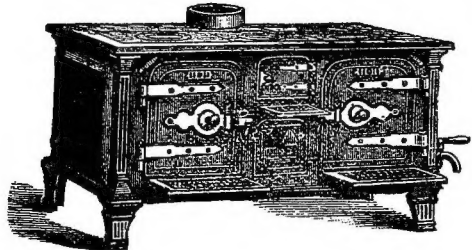
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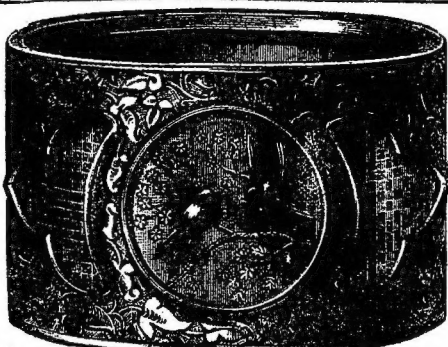
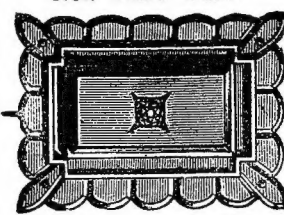
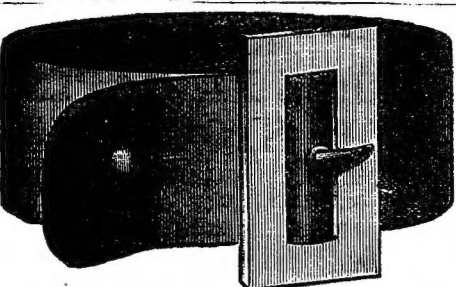
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The great advantage of having a CHOICE SOUP on hand, ready at a moment's notice, is known to every housekeeper, and all the above Soups are especially prepared to meet those requirements, for they are RELIABLE, AND CAN BE DEPENDED UPON.

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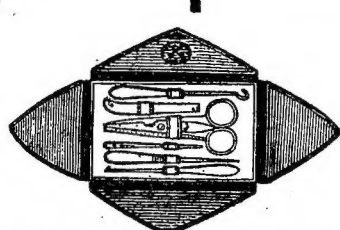


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134, OXFORD STREET (CORNER OF WELLS ST.) W.

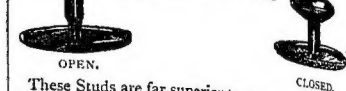
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Either of the above sent post free per registered post for 15s. 6d., or the PATENT COMBINATION POCKET SCISSORS sent separately in a sheath for 2s. 8d., 3s. 8d., and 4s. 8d. P.O.O. payable High Holborn.

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These Studs are far superior to every other kind for the following reasons:
The comfort in wear is perfect—locking tightly on the Linen they cannot hurt the neck (as collar studs do often do); they hold the Linen firmly together, and do not interfere with the tie, as the stem is shortened by the Telescopic action.
18 carat Gold 10s. 6d.
10 " Gold Plate 7s. 6d.
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INSTRUCTIONS.—The Studs must not be twisted, but opened like a Telescope until they lock; and closed by pressing them together between the thumb and finger.
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DEAR SIR,—The Patent Collar Stud which I got from you some time ago is SIMPLY PERFECT, and I am sure that the more its advantages over the ordinary studs become known, the more it will be appreciated. There is an old saying, "Ease and comfort before elegance," but when all three combine together, nothing more can be desired.—Faithfully yours, W. H. ADAMS, Capt., late 23rd R. W. Fusiliers.

Mr. DOBELL, 21, Robertson Street, Hastings.
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Mr. DOBELL.—Dear Sir,—Having given your Collar Stud a trial, I can now testify from experience that it is the only Collar Stud I have worn with PERFECT EASE AND COMFORT, and am quite certain it will be much esteemed by the public.—Yours truly, H. WILLIAMSON. May be obtained of any Jeweller, or on receipt of Postal Order of the Patentee:
E. DOBELL, Art Jeweller, 21, Robertson Street, Hastings.

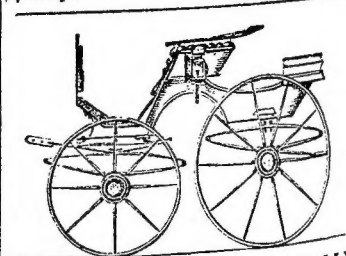
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